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THE
MORNING, NOONDAY,
AND
EVENTIDE OF LIFE
BY
RACHEL C. GILDEA







THE
MORNING, NOONDAY,
AND
EVENTIDE OF LIFE:

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"He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness."—DUT. II. 7.



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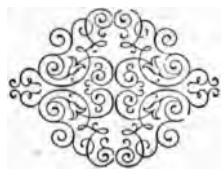
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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

MY MOTHER.



PREFACE.

Should the Reflections, and Hymns, written on the following passages of Scripture, be any cheer, or comfort to those "*passing through this great wilderness,*" (DEUT. II. 7,) they will not have been written in vain.

May the MORNING portion urge the young to dedicate their whole lives to *Him* who lived and died for us, and secure to them the promise given to those who "*Seek first the kingdom of God.*" (MATT. VI. 33.)

May the NOONDAY part remind those who are midst, perhaps, toil and suffering, "bearing the burden and heat of the day," (MATT. XX. 12,) of "*the rivers of water in a dry place,*" and "*the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,*" (ISAIAH. XXXII. 2.) And—

May those way-worn Pilgrims, who have passed through their *Morning* prime, and their *Noonday* toil, and who are now finding "*the grasshopper a burden,*" (ECCLESIASTES XII. 5;) find also, "*that at Evening time it shall be light,*" (ZECH. XIV. 7)—Light! which

shall never more be darkened, but that "*Shining light,
that shineth more and more unto the perfect day,*"
(PROV. IV. 18.) All cares vanished, all trials over, all
sufferings ended ; only awaiting the Master's gracious
call, to—

Join the saints in glory,
Hear the hallelujahs ring !
And rest their eyes for ever,
On the beauty of their King !

REVELATION V. 9.

Then shall they sing the new, new song,
To Heavenly music set :
And join in all the Heavenly bliss
They have not joined in yet.
Sing the glad song of the redeemed,
From earthly troubles free,
Oh ! grant, dear Lord, midst that bright throng,
Some lowly place for me.

RACHEL C. GILDEA,

*Holme Bury,
Watford, Herts.*

MORNING.



The Morning of Life.

1. *I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.*—LUKE X. 21.
2. *And He was subject unto them.*—LUKE II. 51.
3. *Keep me, O Lord.*—PSALM CXL. 4.
4. *Learn of Me.*—MATT. XI. 29.
5. *To know the love of Christ.*—EPH. III. 19.
6. *Little children, abide in Him.*—1 JOHN II. 28.
7. *Beloved, now are we the sons of God.*—1 JOHN III. 2.
8. *I am the Good Shepherd.*—JOHN X. 14.
9. *I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.*—2 COR. VI. 17, 18.
10. *Walk as children of light.*—EPH. V. 8.
11. *Let no man despise thy youth.*—1 TIM. IV. 12.
12. *Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.*—ACTS II. 21.
13. *For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*—ROMANS VIII. 14.
14. *I am the Door.*—JOHN X. 9.

The Morning of Life.

15. *Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.*—JOHN V. 24.
16. *The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.*—EXODUS XIV. 14.
17. *Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love.*—EPH. V. 1, 2.
18. *I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine.*—SOLOMON'S SONG VI. 3.
19. *Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.*—PHIL. IV. 6, 7.
20. *Rise, He calleth thee.*—MARK X. 49.



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

1.—*I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.*—LUKE X. 21.

IT is not the educated or the wise of this earth, who easiest attain salvation; and who can grasp the glorious tidings of great joy with humble trusting faith. No, it is the children, the poor, the meek, the lowly, the gentle, the longsuffering, who, putting away vain forms and words, kneel with loving gratitude at the foot of the cross, and pray—“*Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.*”—MARK IX. 24. Often is it the case, that the simple, trusting belief of a young child, comes like a blow to the hard heart of the unbeliever; in one moment uprooting years of infidelity, and bringing the repentant sinner on his knees to the Saviour, whose loving words he has hitherto disbelieved, and disregarded. Then what a change! The hard heart of stone becomes a heart of flesh. Christ Himself enters into the heart, and dwells

there; sanctifying with His blessed presence the whole nature, and bringing into subjection, and captivity, every thought to Himself.

A proud spirit is not compatible with a follower of Jesus, and it would cause many to overcome their evil nature, if they would only believe the words of Christ himself—*“Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.”*—MATT. XVIII. 3.

To childish hearts, to infant minds,
All pure, and meek, and mild;
The God of Heaven deigns to speak
Unto the humblest child.

Not to the wise and prudent soul,
With wordly wisdom sage;
But to the young and feeblest one
Of fair and tender age.

A little child, our Saviour took,
And placed upon His knee,
And, to all wondering round, He said,
“Thus must thou childlike be.”

“Receive with humble, lowly thought,
All that the Father’s given;

Then shalt thou have the great reward
Prepared for thee in heaven."

"Ears have not heard, nor eyes have seen
The glorious things thou'lt see—
The Marriage Supper of the Lamb!
The Lamb in majesty."

No need in heaven for sun or moon
To shine with glory bright,
For everlasting bliss is there, and
The Lamb himself the light.



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

2.—“*And He (Jesus) was subject unto them.*”—LUKE II. 51.

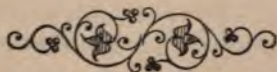
THAT our blessed Lord should be subject to His earthly parents, is indeed a lesson of meekness and submission to all little ones.

That the King of Heaven and earth should so humble Himself, to render obedience and reverence, ought to excite our anxious wish, to follow in His meek and gentle steps. We know but little of the childhood of Jesus, but what we do hear, teaches us of His gentleness, meekness, and wisdom; for we read—“*He increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.*”

We can easily realize how Mary must have loved and revered her child Lord; and that she wondered and thought over His pure and sinless nature, we know, “*For Mary pondered these things in her heart.*”

LORD Jesus, Thou didst condescend
Obedient to be;
Loving unto Thy mother mild,
In all humility.

When anxious once, she could not find
Her Lord and child,
All sorrowing, she sought Him long,
With words so mild.
“Say knew'st Thou not our troubled hearts
Still beat for Thee ?”
He answered, “ But My Father's will
Obey'd must be.”
Enough for her, no more she sought
Him to control ;
She took him from His Father's hand,
A sinless soul.
Back to His Father's dwelling-place
Must He return,—
And Mary weeps, for coming days
Will make her mourn.
Yes, she must weep, for on the Cross
Of sin and shame,
The child she bore must die a death
Of grief and pain.
So, by His death and suffering mean,
The Lord of light
Did save the world from sinners' doom,
Of darkest night !



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

3.—“*Keep me, O Lord.*”—PSALM CXL. 4.

“**K**EEP *me, O Lord,*” ought to be the end of every prayer, and often during the day, should this short petition, lift up our hearts to the throne of our Heavenly Father.

In our childhood’s days, in our noonday prime, and in the declining years of life we still need to be kept.

We are never equal to our burdens without the Lord’s help, we can never fight the battle against “the world, the flesh, and the devil,” unless He is on our side, and helping us.

We may feel that we do love the Lord, and delight to do His will, but though the spirit may be willing “the flesh is weak,” and unless the Lord keep “our steps from falling,” we shall most assuredly fail.

Let us then go on unto perfection, putting our whole trust and confidence in Him, who hath said; “*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.*” “*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.*”

Then when the days of our short life
may be at the closing hour, may we have
the joy of saying "*hitherto hath the Lord
helped me.*"

THE night is dark, the clouds are overhead,
The path is rough, my way I cannot see ;
The night winds roar, the raging storms
are wild :

Have pity, oh, have pity, Lord, on me.

I bow my head to meet the piercing blast,
I lift my hopes and prayers, O Christ, to
Thee ;

I am content to take this trial keen ;
If only at Thy side, I still may be.

O keep me, Lord, beneath Thy sheltering
wing,

Until this tyranny is over-past ;
Until the morn arise, and night be gone ;
And I shall see my distant home at last.

Safe, safe, for ever, on the eternal shore,
Within the heavenly mansions bright
and fair,

Kept by the power of my "Risen Lord,"
I'll dwell in Heaven, and I'll praise Him
there.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

4.—“*Learn of Me.*”—MATTHEW XI. 29.

“**L**EARN *of Me*,” saith our blessed Lord, and well it would be if those youthful ones, who are but now setting their feet on the way to Zion, and who have not yet passed the first stage of their journey, should take this purest and best example, and learn of Christ. From His sinless life we learn all we need.

His obedience to His Father’s will :

“*Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?*”—LUKE II. 49.

His wisdom :

“*And Jesus increased in wisdom.*”—LUKE II. 52.

His sympathy :

“*Jesus wept.*”—JOHN XI. 35.

His loving-kindness :

Jesus said—“*Suffer little children to come unto me.*”—LUKE XVIII. 16.

His boundless love :

“*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*”—JOHN XV. 13.

Let us strive to follow in His most blessed steps, not trusting in our own strength, but leaning upon the "*Rock of Ages*." Not troubled about the future, because He says, "*Fear not, for I am with thee*." Only looking to that happy time, when "*we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is*."

I AM thy guide, by Me alone
Cans't thou from sorrow flee;
To heaven's glories, and its peace,
There is no way, but Me.

I am thy prophet, priest, and king,
I am thy Lord, thy light;
If thou would'st gain th' immortal crown,
Come,—I will wash thee white!

Through Me alone! My life-blood shed
In agony for thee;
Reject it not, e'er 'tis too late
From sin and death to flee.

Now is the time, th' accepted time,
Soon will the night arise;
And hide the Sun of Righteousness,
From thine imploring eyes.

“Save us, O Lord, we perish fast,”
Will be your mournful cry,
“I know ye not,” I shall respond,
The hour of grace is by.

Return, return, poor wandering one,
The fold is open still,
Yield unto Me your heart's desires,
And bend thy will.



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

5.—“*To know the love of Christ.*”—EPHESIANS III. 19.

THIS we shall never fully attain to, until we pass from things earthly, to things heavenly, and until we “see the King in His beauty.”

But this must be our aim, to learn of Christ, to read and study His sacred words, and to have intercourse with Him, by the means of frequent prayer.

The more we know Him, the greater will His wonderful love appear to us, and the more we shall feel bowed in humility, that He should have left his kingdom to “*become like unto us, but without sin.*”

“That Christ may dwell in our hearts,” must be our earnest prayer, and that He will do so, we have a certain and sure promise that “He (Christ) *is able to do abundantly above all that we ask or think.*”

Let us then go boldly unto the throne of grace, placing our whole faith, and reliance on our blessed Saviour, who hath said, “*Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*”

WE may love the name of Jesus,
And sing His power divine,
His wonderful, great goodness,
To this poor heart of mine.

We may preach His power, and mercy
To those He came to save,
His life of endless pity,
His victory o'er the grave.

We may read the word He gave us,
Of all He did on earth,
The death he died to save us,
His lowly, humble birth.

We may love Him and adore Him,
But the love that Christ bears me,
We cannot comprehend it,
Till in eternity.

Not till the gates of heaven,
Roll back with music sweet ;
When countless hosts adore Thee,
And worship at Thy feet.

When all the saints in glory,
Blood-bought, redeemed by Thee,
Shall see Thee, in Thy power,—
The King in majesty.

Then ! then ! and not till then !
When low-bent every knee,
We'll comprehend the love of Christ,
And what He's done for me.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

6.—“*Little children, abide in Him.*”—1 JOHN II. 28.

YOU are none of you too young, not to abide in the Lord.

Before you can promise for yourselves, to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, it is promised for you.

And your first childish utterances are, or should be, petitions for your Saviour's love.

He loved little children, and wishes to have you with Him.

He died for you, to bear your sins as well as the sins of the whole world.

He pities you, and pardons you, for you can read in 1 JOHN II. 12, “*Little children, your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.*”

This will make you very happy. Your sins are blotted out in His most precious blood! But then to enjoy these great promises, you must do your part. You must love Him—believe in Him with all your hearts, and then you will belong to

those blessed little ones, of whom it is written, "*Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome: greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world.*"—1 JOHN IV. 4.

LORD, I am weak, my feeble infant frame
Scarce yet has learnt Thy love, scarce
 prais'd Thy name;
Though still untutored all my efforts be,
Accept the praise a young child offers
 Thee.

Thou ! who wast once a child, can feel for
 me;
And know the little pains oft sent by Thee,
Sent to remind me, I'm a pilgrim here,
Wand'ring in darkness, till sweet light
 appear.

Oh ! shed Thy light to cheer my anxious
 way;
I love Thee, Lord, and do not wish to
 stray ;
Still do my footsteps tremble, and I fear
Those hidden dangers, coming ever near.

Keep me, O Lord, upon Thy sheltering
arm;
Protect Thy child, through life, from woe
or harm;
If Thou wilt condescend to be my guide,
I know Thou wilt all else, O Lord, provide.

Provide a refuge, from temptation's power,
Provide a refuge, every day and hour,
Provide a stay, to which I nightly flee,
Provide salvation, dearest Lord, through
Thee.

In Thee I will abide, till life is past;
In Thee I will abide, through death's chill
blast;
In Thee I will abide, till all is o'er,—
Till I abide in Thee for evermore!



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

7.—“*Beloved, now are we the sons of God.*”—1 JOHN III. 2.

“**W**HAT manner of love,” this is indeed !

What a glorious title for us poor sinners to claim !

The “Sons of God !” what matter is it to us, what the world says, and thinks of us, if we are now the sons of God.

It does not say, when we are in heaven, that we shall become sons of God ; but, it is *now*, while we are still on this earth, that we are His sons.

When we are in heaven, we shall be like our elder brother, for “*when He shall appear, we shall be like Him.*”

This glorious hope, will incite every one of us to purify ourselves, and strive to lead an upright, blameless life. While we are on this earth, we shall doubtless fall over and over again ; but we can live as befits our heritage and holy calling ; we can let “*our conversation be in heaven,*” walking worthy of our high calling, in all *humility*

*and meekness, forbearing one another in love,
and endeavouring to keep the unity of the
spirit in the bonds of peace.*

If we are children, we are told we are
also heirs, "*Heirs of God, and joint heirs
with Christ.*"

MAY we claim this glorious title,
Sons of the living king ?
Can weak and sinful mortals
Dare such a claim to bring ?

Sons of the king of glory !
Sons of the Lord of light !
Do we rightly read the Bible,
Say, can these words be right ?

Yes ! 'tis the love of Jesus,
Who left His throne on high,
And for us suffering mortals
Came down to save, and die !

For us He bore the sorrow,
For us He bore the shame,
That God might see us through Him,
And call us by His name.

Accepted now through Jesus ;
Washed pure, and clean, and white,
We stand before the Father,
Pure in His piercing sight.

He gazes on his children,
Washed in His own Son's blood,
And bids us fear no longer,
But cross death's gloomy flood.



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

8.—“*I am the good Shepherd.*”—JOHN X. 14.

“**I** am the good Shepherd (saith our Saviour,) and know my sheep, and am known of mine; and I lay down my life for the sheep.”

What more can we expect than this? Christ has shewed to us, the greatest expression of His loving compassion.

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

This is what the Lord hath done. He saw us, his poor wandering sheep in the wilderness; and like a good shepherd he came “to seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away.” How tenderly he speaks of us, how lovingly He regards us in EZEKIEL xxxiv. His words of His lost sheep are, “My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill. Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out; and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. I will feed my flock, and cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God.”

What comfort is this, for those who already love the good Shepherd, and who are already safe home in the fold; and what encouragement, and inducement for those, *who are still wandering on the mountains*, to meet the good Shepherd, and place themselves once, and for ever, under His guidance.

If they only could realize the comfort, the peace, the joy of being one with Christ, how soon would they avail themselves of His loving care, and “*enter in and find rest unto their souls.*”

This world's pleasures, and excitements, may seem enticing in the morning of our life; but when the noonday sun glares upon us, and we feel the need of shelter, the world is then empty and void, and for the rest, and quiet, we must enter into “The Fold.”

Oh! let me intreat you to come early, before you have borne the burden and heat of the day; let your young years be spent for the Lord, and in His service, and not wait to give only the remainder of your life, and the most feeble portions of it to the One, who spent His whole life on this earth for you, and *who laid down His life for His sheep.*

WANDEREES through the wilderness,
Scattered far and wide ;
Driven from your shelter,
From the Shepherd's side.

Cease, oh ! cease to wander,
Cease, oh ! cease to roam ;
Seek a better haven,
Seek a better home.

Far upon the mountain,
In the night wind chill,
Is the Shepherd seeking
Thee, o'er fen and hill.

'Neath the noontide splendour,
'Neath the morning ray,
Seeking, ever seeking,
All who've gone astray.

Though His sheep have left Him,
Left His loving care,
Still, with love He seeks them,
Back His love to share.

In the greenest pastures,
Gently they are led,
By the Shepherd tended,
Fed with Heavenly bread.

Say, can ye withstand Him,—
All He's borne for thee ?
Toil upon the mountains !
Storms upon the sea !

For your sakes He suffered
Pains of grief and death,
Yet your Lord forgave you
With His latest breath.

Oh ! return to Jesus,
To your Shepherd king ;
Worthy songs and praises
To your Saviour bring.

All your life-long serve Him,
To His cross repair.
Raise your eyes and see Him
By faith, hanging there.

Bow your heads in sorrow,
Satisfied to take
Toil here, and temptation,
All for Jesu's sake.

Soon it will be over,
Wanderings far and wide ;
We shall meet in heaven—
See the Lamb and Bride.

Oh ! what joys to dream of,
Folded in the fold ;
Safe, secure for ages,
In the streets of gold.

Led by holy angels !
Ever bright and fair ;
Kings and priests for Jesus
Is our portion there.

Toil a little longer,
Be not weary here ;
Soon the Heavens will open,
And our Lord appear.

Then, He'll call thee to Him,
And His words will be,—
Take the crown of glory,
Long laid up for thee.



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

9.—*"I will receive you, and be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."*—
2 COR. VI. 17, 18.

CAN you withstand so loving a call, can you so harden your hearts, and keep aloof from your Heavenly Father ?

He never commands you to come.

He only entreats you to do so.

He only bids you, if you thirst, come and drink, "*He that believeth on Me, shall never thirst.*"—JOHN VI. 35.

If you want rest, "*Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"

You want to enter heaven.

"*Knock and it shall be opened unto you.*"

Oh if you have not already sought Christ, "*Seek and ye shall find.*"

Your life is like an empty desert without Him.

Your life is dissatisfied and restless, without the comfort of His presence.

You cannot really be happy, unless He is your guide.

You can have nothing to look forward to in the future, unless you have laid up your treasure above.

Do not delay, but at once go to Him, and ask Him to fulfil his promise to receive you, and be a Father unto you.

Do not doubt His power, and willingness to receive you :

“ Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.”

Come then at once, just as you are, not waiting till you feel you love Him still more, and till you feel more religious ; but putting away self, and every thought except the desire of Him, throw yourself at the throne of grace, and pray, *“ Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in Thee.”*—PSALM LVII. 1.

And the answer will be *“ I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.”*—HEBREWS XIII. 5.

FEAR not, I *will* receive thee,—

Fear not, for all is bright ;

Look up, when clouds are darkest,

The Lord shall be your light.

Let His Word be taken

With comfort to your breast ;

Each word was written for thee,

Only be still and rest.

Doubt not His loving mercy,

Doubt not his loving will ;

He's said He would receive you,

And be your Father still.

Th' Almighty has said it,
His promises are sure :
“ My sons thou art, and daughters”
Till ages shall endure.

But you must freely trust Him,
Who's done so much for thee ;
His well-beloved Son He gave
To die in misery.
Then love and trust him ever,
Though trials may increase :
“ The Lord shall fight for you,
And ye shall hold your peace.”



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

0.—“*Walk as children of light.*”—EPHESIANS V. 8.

THIS is to be our aim,—to walk worthy of our high calling.

Not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil.”

To walk worthily, we need a sure knowledge of the journey we have to perform; before we must search the Scriptures, and daily acquaint ourselves with the ten directions of our God.

In the morning our first thought must be of our aim, and like David let our daily practice be, PSALM V. 3, “*My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning, will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and thou wilt look up.*”

The day begun with Christ, will then probably be ended with Him; only lay out your heart before Him, and God will be a refuge for us.”—PSALM LXII. 8.

Happy shall we be, if we can indeed say, “*In the evening, and morning, and at noon, will I praise thee, O Lord, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice.*”—PSALM LV. 17.

There is no excuse for us to walk in darkness, we have only to *ask* and we shall be *taught of God*, we have only to "*commit our way unto Him, and He will bring it to pass.*"

We have only to *trust Him, and verily we shall be fed.*

His mercy is beyond our comprehension. How great is His loving-kindness. Let us then put our whole trust in Him, and rejoice under the shadow of His wings.

And let us thank him in these beautiful words, PSALM XXXVI. 9, "*With Thee is the fountain of life: in Thy light shall we see light.*"

I LONG to be with Thee, Lord,
Where Thou art dwelling now,
Midst myriad hosts of angels,
"The white stone" on my brow!

Where all the loved departed,
Who walked here, pure and free;
Have entered into bliss, Lord,
The life of bliss with Thee.

By faith I seem to see Thee,
Seated upon Thy throne,
Thousands bow low before Thee,
And name Thee, Lord, alone.

All glory ! honour ! power !
Unto The Lamb is given ;
The Lamb who died to save us,
And waits for us in Heaven.

'Twill not be long, O Jesus,
Before my hour shall come ;
When swift obedient to Thee,
I gladly hasten home.

Only support me, Jesus,
That here my path may be
Walked in the presence of Thy light,
Reflected, Lord, from Thee.

So may I be accepted,
By Thee made pure and white—
And stand at last before the throne,
Pure, in God's searching sight.



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

11.—*Let no man despise thy youth ; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.*—1 TIMOTHY IV. 12.

IT matters not how young you may be,
“*even a child is known by his doings,*”
and even a child can be a witness for Christ,
and “give a reason of the hope that is in
him.”

By a pure and holy life, by a daily walking, as it were with Christ, by pure conversation, and gentle influence, you can let all who know and see you, feel that you are indeed a child of God, and an heir of his kingdom.

This pure life can only be accomplished by constant earnest prayer to God, for His Holy Spirit to guide you.

In your own strength you are weak as a reed, but supported by the Lord, you will become a tower of strength.

It is a solemn thought to think that you cannot live in this world, without influencing some around you—either for good, or for evil.

You are either winning souls for Christ, or you are allowing souls to sink into everlasting misery ! Can you be allowing this latter case, by merely not being strong in the cause of Christ ? Oh ! rouse yourself, e'er 'tis too late, and fight manfully under His banner.

By your example cheer the faint-hearted, and encourage those who need it ; then at the last day, when all will appear before Christ, the Judge, to receive the reward, or the punishment, you will hear those longed for words—“ *Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*”

CHILDREN ! come, for Christ is calling—
 Calling still ;
Come, and yield to Him your wishes,
 And your will ;
Then He'll say to you so gently,
 “ Peace, be still !”

Fight for Christ ! from morn till evening—
 Day and night ;
Never cease to sound His praises
 With thy might ;
Let all know you are His children,
 Walking right.

Jesus died, to keep the children
Safe from harm !
Thou canst trust Him still to keep thee
On his arm ;
Cling still closer, fear no longer,
Vain alarm.



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

12—" *Whosoever shall call on the Name of the Lord, shall be saved.*"—ACTS, II. 21.

WHAT more can we need, than this blessed assurance ?

We are not told to work out our own salvation alone by mighty deeds.

We are only told to throw ourselves upon the mercy of the Lord.

We are told to call upon Him, and lo, "*it is finished.*"

"*Lord be merciful to me, a sinner,*" is all we need call.

"*Lord save us, we perish,*" and behold we are saved.

Faith, is the key of Heaven.

Faith, will secure our pardon and peace.

Believe on the Lord Jesus, and He has done the rest.

By His agony, He has already redeemed you, and all He asks in return for the great sacrifice of Himself, is, "*To call on the Name of the Lord, and thou shalt be saved.*"

Do not let the time go by, without accepting this great offer ; now, to-day, before you sleep, fall down at His feet, and call upon the Lord.

Soon it may be too late ! “ *Now, is the accepted time, now the day of salvation,*” for remember, “ *the night cometh when no man can work.*”

To Thee I call, O Lord,
From depths of dark despair,
I seek Thy saving grace,
I cry, Oh where, Oh where—
Where shall I refuge find ?
Where from my troubles flee ?
A voice sounds thro’ the gloom,
My child ! call thou on Me !

I call upon Thee, Lord,
Thy Name shall be my rest.
I lay my burdens down,
I lean upon Thy breast—
My refuge now I find,
My hope is fixed on Thee ;
I need no other stay,
For Christ is all to me.

How could I stay so long,
O dearest Lord, from Thee?
My life was wasted all,
Before Thou calledst me.
Oh, keep Thy holy cross,
Before my closing eyes;
I'll sing Thy saving grace,
Until I reach the skies.



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

13—"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God."—ROMANS VIII. 14.

ARE we all so led, so guided, that our every action is overlooked, and ruled by the Spirit of God?

Perhaps in part we are, but not altogether; for could we always so realize the ever-dwelling of the Spirit within us, how much purer and holier would our lives become.

Every thought and wish would be tested by our Guide.

Heaven would be brought nearer, and we ourselves would at last attain almost unto that perfection, for which we are all striving.

Let this be our aim, to make ourselves temples fit for the Spirit to dwell in; then shall we receive the title of Sons of God, claiming a brothership with our Saviour Christ.

It is a glorious aim, a high calling—"Sons of God!"

The Almighty, our Father, loving and protecting us as His children, "*and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.*"

THUS lead me Lord,
Thy poor, but anxious child ;
Wandering on mountains drear,
Lonely and wild.
Seeking, tho' lost,
The narrow path to see ;
Spirit of God, Oh lead
Me back to Thee.

I am Thy child !
By Jesu's blood made free ;
He paid my debt,
I'm reconciled to Thee.
Deign to restore
My soul, to peace and rest ;
Oh, let me feel by Thee,
I'm safely blest.

Oh, lead me still,
Tho' dark the way may be ;
I fear no ills,
If only Thou'rt with me.
Led by the Lord,
I'm safe, but will not rest,
Until my home I reach,
On Thy dear breast.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

14.—“*I am the door.*”—JOHN X. 9.

“**I** AM *the door*,” saith our Saviour—the door of heaven ; through its portals must we pass if we would enter that blest abode.

There is no other way.

No way but through Christ.

Our good works will not save us.

Our prayers will not save us.

Only by entering in through “*the door*” can we be saved, and “*go in and out, and find pasture.*”

It is so simple, that the wise often find it hard to have to put away all theories, all arguments, and, like a child, believe, in humble faith.

But this is the only thing to do, *believe*, and all is finished.

“*The door*” stands wide open to invite you in. Do not reject the offer of admittance too long, for e’er long “*the door*” will be shut. “*Behold, I have set before thee an open door.*” Then, how vain will be your imploring cries, “*Lord, Lord, open unto us !*” too late will you acknowledge *He was the*

door, but the hour of grace is gone by ;
and the Lord will reply, and say unto you
“ *I know not whence ye are.*”—LUKE XIII. 25.

Let us turn to a happier side, let us be
one of those who early acknowledge Him
in all our ways, so that He always directs
our paths.

So that at the last day we may hear the
Lord say unto us, “ *I was hungered, and ye
gave me meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me
drink : I was a stranger, and ye took me in.
Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the
kingdom prepared for you, from the founda-
tion of the world.*”—MATTHEW XXV. 34.

I AM the door ! by Me alone
Canst thou from troubles flee ;
And change those daily sorrows here
For immortality.

I am the way ! the only way,
And though the way is long,
Soon thou shalt change the cross for joys,
And everlasting song.

I am the truth ! accept my words,
The words of Christ, thy King ;
Believe the truth, and soon shall then
Thy hallelujahs ring.

It does not say, you are to wait for it till after your death, but that it is your glorious privilege to have it *now*.

In 1 JOHN V. 13, "*These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life.*"

Can you doubt it now? It is impossible for you to doubt it! and if you do, believe it is a snare of Satan; and nothing but earnest prayer to God will overcome it. Pray, and pray earnestly that God *will so open your eyes, that "you may behold the wondrous things in His law."*

You are indeed walking in darkness, and the shadow of death.

May God grant you, speedily, a deliverance from such a bondage of sin, and let you enter into the glorious light of free salvation!

"*If any man thirst, (saith Christ,) let him come unto Me, and drink.*"

Do not rest again until you have found Jesus.

Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

'Tis life, to hear these tidings sweet,
'Tis life, to hear his name ;
'Tis joy unspeakable, to know
Christ died, but rose again !

He died to save the world, all lost,
And plunged in depths of sin ;
He suffered untold agonies,
That we might freedom win.

With loving care, He watched us all ;
Then, His compassion fell
Like dew, upon this sinful world ;
He wept ! but loved us well.

He died ! then rose to highest Heaven,
And now before the throne
Still doth He plead for those for whom
He bled, to make his own.

For thus he counts us, children all,
From death redeemed, and free ;
Oh blessed thought, that we are Christ's,
And " our life hid with Thee."

Yes ! hid with Christ, and nought can
take

Our souls from His dear care,
Committed unto Him, He'll keep
Them safe, till heaven we share.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

16—"The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace."—EXODUS XIV. 14.

THERE may be some whose eyes fall on this text, who know only too well, what it is to be falsely accused, and to have to suffer for it, without the power of righting themselves in the eyes of their fellow creatures.

It is a very hard trial, and one which requires much help from the Holy Spirit, to meekly bear.

St. Peter evidently felt for this not unusual trial, and exhorts us, even if we suffer for it, to "*take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.*"

Let us, then, manfully bear whatever is appointed us, content to suffer for righteousness' sake, and content to leave ourselves in the mighty hand of God, who "*shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.*"

ALL stricken low, am I,
O'erpower'd to earth I fall,
The hand of man is raised
Against me, one and all.

O Lord, to Thee I cry,
To Thee for refuge flee ;
In this dark dreary hour,
" Oh ! undertake for me."

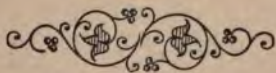
Let me Thy power feel,
The rock shall be my plea ;
I'll leave all in Thy hand,
If Thou wilt fight for me.

Courage, my soul, be still,
Your troubles soon shall cease ;
" The Lord shall fight for you,
And ye shall hold your peace."

Yes ! I must be content,
To leave all to His will ;
He, who could still the wind,
Can bid my heart be still.

Still, with His own sweet peace,
Still, on His loving breast,
Still, thro' the storm of life ;
Still, quiet, and at rest.

Yes ! I will quiet keep,
Still, shall my life now be ;
And while I keep so still,
" The Lord will fight for me."



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

17—"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children, and walk in love."—EPHESIANS v. 1-2.

HOW gently, and lovingly, St. Paul urges us to follow in the footsteps of Christ.

He does not bid us, like sinners, flee from the wrath of an avenging God, but as dear children, he says, "*be followers of God.*"

Abba, Father! is to be our cry,

"*Our Father, which art in Heaven,*" is to be our prayer.

Let us at once draw near to this loving Father, who spared not His own Son to save us—His own "*beloved Son, in whom He was well pleased.*"

What love can equal this love? Oh, let us come nigh, with thankful, loving hearts, and say, "*as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*"

Serve Him in all humility and gentleness, and striving to bring others to the foot of the cross; it will not be sufficient to hold

the cross ourselves, we must daily strive to lead all near us to it also. Like one of the disciples, who, when he had found the Lord, went and fetched his brother.

Then shall the reward of *those who turn many to righteousness* (be ours,) *and we shall shine as the stars for ever.*

MANY a time, Lord, hast Thou kept me,
Safe through many a storm so wild;
Waters dark, and chill, pass'd o'er me,
Thou thro' all hast kept Thy child.

Long I've followed in Thy footsteps,
Dear each track has been to me;
Still thro' many coming dangers,
Let me trust my soul to Thee.

Calm, content, Thy will to suffer,
Tho' affliction presses sore;
I can bear all ills, if only
Thou wilt succour me the more.

Yes! I know Thee, Jesus, Saviour,
Know Thee for my Saviour, King;
All my life I'll live to serve Thee,
All my praise to Thee I'll bring.

Can I ever thank Thee, Jesus,
For Thy love, pure and divine ;
Never till I wake in Heaven,
See Thee there, and claim Thee mine.

Mine thro' childhood's noonday dreamings,
Mine till evening shades fall fast,
Mine thro' death's dark gloomy valley,
Mine to claim in Heaven at last.



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

18.—“*I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine.*”—SOLOMON'S
SONG VI. 3.

HAPPY one ! who can say this :—
I am Christ's.

He is my beloved.

Dearer than all else.

*More precious unto me than gold, yea than
much fine gold, sweeter also than honey and
the honey-comb.*

Dearer than father, mother, husband,
wife, children, is Christ ; “ *I sat down under
his shadow with great delight.*”

“ *He brought me to the banqueting house,
and His banner over me was love.*”—SOLOMON'S
SONG II. 3, 4.

“ *My beloved is mine, and I am His, He
feedeth among the lilies.*”—SOLOMON'S SONG
II. 16.

Yes ; we who love Christ, must give the
best to Him.

If He enters into our hearts, and dwells
there it must be a meet place for Him
“ *who feedeth among the lilies.*”

No impure thoughts must sully His shrine. No sinful actions must defile the temples of our body.

“Until the day break, and the shadows flee away” we must seek Him, and hold Him and not let Him go.

THAT day will never break !
Those shadows never flee !
Which dawn to find my heart
Estranged, Lord, from Thee.

I am Thy chosen love ;
Thou ! chosen Lord by me.
Dearer Thou art each hour,
And more beloved by me.

Chief amongst ten thousand,
“Amongst the lilies fed,”
Thou Saviour ! and Redeemer !
Giver of Heavenly bread.

Receive, I do entreat Thee,
This poor weak heart of mine ;
Thou Rock of endless ages,
“Beloved,” Thou art mine.

Thy right hand doth embrace me,
My hand is clasped in Thine ;
So keep me, and support me,
Until the close of time.

Till this life's dreary trials,
Shall melt in Heaven at last;
Then shall I see Thee clearly,
Oh Thou! the First! and Last!



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

19.—“*Be careful for nothing : but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.*”—PHIL. IV. 6, 7.

NO trials are so heavy, no anxieties so overpowering, but the Lord can lighten them !

You may be as it were sitting in darkness, the shadow of death encompassing you ; fear not, the Lord will be your refuge.

“*The Lord is gracious and full of compassion,*” only trust Him, and “*He will bring you unto your desired haven.*”—PSALM CVII. 30.

Not only must you pray, and entreat Him to grant you your heart's desire, but you must do so with a cheerful, thankful heart overflowing to God, for His wonderful mercies to you in times past. Then shall God do “*exceedingly abundantly, above all that you ask or think.*”

He delights to shower down His blessings upon you ; “*No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.*”

But this must be your aim, "*To walk before the Lord in the land of the living,*" and by your blameless walk, your pure conversation, to shew to all around you, that you are a true, earnest disciple of your Lord; living in this world, but not of it, preferring to be falsely accused, and buffeted rather than not fight for your Captain. In this world we must expect tribulation, but how encouraging are our Saviour's words—" *Fear not, I have overcome the world.*"

Let us, then, go on unto perfection, trusting to our great Redeemer to finish the good work He has begun in us. Prayer, and faith, must be our safeguard through many a storm; but after the storm will come quiet, and then the peace of God (which is so great, that it cannot be comprehended by us yet,) will keep our hearts and minds. O blessed assurance! we need never fear more, never be anxious again; "*Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.*"

Let us lie down at night, and rise up in the morning, saying—" *If God be for us, who can be against us.*"

BE not dismayed, tho' troubles rise
And shake thy feeble frame ;
The waves may roar, the tempest wild,
Yet call thou on My Name.

I never yet have turned my ear,
Unheeding, deaf to thee ;
Before you call I will reply,
No ills shall trouble thee.

The lilies neither spin, nor toil,
They bloom so sweet and fair ;
With colours royally they're clothed,
Their life, it is my care.

The birds, which fly from place to place,
By me they're daily fed ;
And I, who feed the needy,
Will give my children bread.

I also lived upon this earth,
And walked where thou hast trod ;
And well I know thy utmost need,
Was I not man ! and God ?

Only trust all into My hand,
Thou hast to stand and wait ;
I still am watching o'er thy course,
Am standing by the gate.

Soon, the gates of glory
Will shine all bright and fair ;
Thousands of saints are entering,
And thou shalt enter there.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

20—"Rise; He calleth thee."—MARK X. 49.

CAN you refuse this gracious call?

Can you, in the freshness of your morning prime, keep away from the good Shepherd, who calls you?

Will you not come to Him early, in the strength of your young days, and give Him the best part of your health and strength.

He needs you, or else He would not have called you.

He says, "*I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.*"

Oh, hasten gladly to Him, and you will receive such peace, and such joy, as this world can never give.

"*They that seek Me early, shall find Me,*" is our Saviour's promise, and if we find Christ, we have found all we need.

For then we have Him for our friend, and "*everlasting life*" for our portion.

Such an inheritance as here we know
not, or indeed can comprehend; *“for eye
hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it
entered into the heart of man; the things
which God hath prepared for those that love
Him.”*

RISE, for He calleth thee,
Calleth thee now,
With the bright flush of health,
And joy on thy brow :
In the height of thy manhood,
In the spring of thy day,
'Tis the voice of thy Maker,
That bids thee not stay.

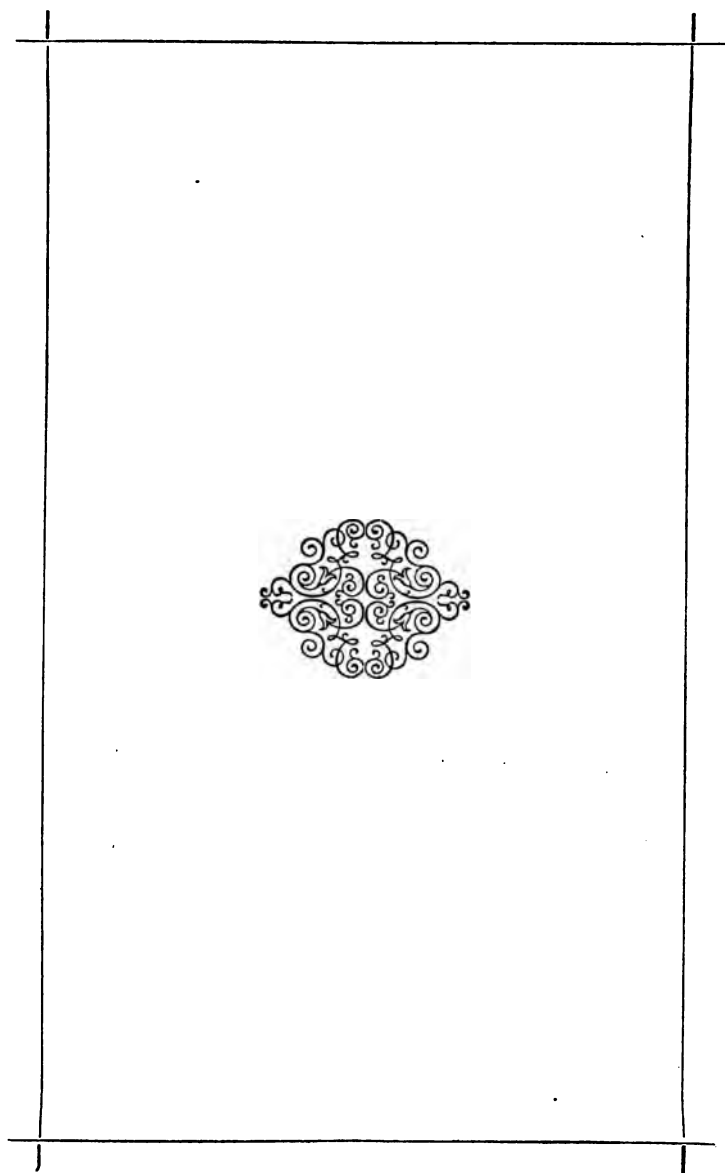
Hark, to the battle cry,
Deep is its wail ;
Gird on thine armour bright,
Buckle thy mail.
Take the sword of the Spirit,
That the Lord gave to thee ;
Thy hope of salvation,
Thy refuge shall be.

Christ needs the youngest one,
Now in the fight,
Only keep close to Him,
All will be right.

Surely He is your guide,
And your sure friend,
Crowns of life wait those
Who keep to the end.

Long tho' the battle-rage,
Fierce tho' the strife,
Fight all for victory,
Fight for your life ;
Fight for Christ's kingdom well,
Fight for His name,
All will be over soon ;
Heaven is your gain.





NOONDAY.



NOONDAY.



The Floodday of Life.

- 1. *Many be called, but few chosen.*—MATT. XX. 16.
 - 2. *He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness.*—DEUT. II. 7.
 - 3. *The Lord Jesus is our hope.*—1 TIM. I. 1.
 - 4. *When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?*—JOB XXXIV. 29.
 - 5. *I have prayed for thee.*—LUKE XXII. 32.
 - 6. *It is the Lord.*—1 SAM. III. 18.
 - 7. *Be strong and of a good courage.*—JOSHUA I. 6.
 - 8. *My soul is exceeding sorrowful.*—MATT. XXVI. 38.
 - 9. *O Lord, remember me, and visit me.*—JER. XV. 16.
 - 10. *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.*—JOHN VII. 37.
 - 11. *Mighty to save.*—ISAIAH LXIII. 1.
 - 12. *There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*—HEBREWS IV. 9.
 - 13. *The Lord knoweth them that are His.*—1 TIM. II. 19.
 - 14. *Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.*—MATT. XXIV. 35.
 - 15. *Every one that asketh receiveth.*—MATT. VII. 8.
-

Few, out of the countless hosts of people who have inhabited this world, and will continue to do so, will be counted amongst "Christ's chosen few."

It will be their own doing, if they are lost, for "*Christ willeth not the death of a sinner.*"

He has done His part already. He has been made the sacrifice for our sins. "*He was wounded for our transgression, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.*"—ISAIAH LIII. 5.

And is this great thing that He has done for us, to be in vain ?

Oh ! shall we not at once accept this offer, and become His disciples, so that He may say of us, "*I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.*"

"Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve."

CHILD of My grace,
By Me redeemed,
Blood bought—now free,
Canst thou withstand
My constant call,
And keep from Me ?

Oft have I spoke,
And yet I speak
Once more to thee :
The hours pass—
E'er 'tis too late,
Decide for Me !

Yes, Lord, I come
With thankful heart,
And love to Thee ;
But I am weak,
Thy grace I need,
Still watch o'er me.

Fear not, My child,
For from life's thralls
I've chosen thee ;
And thou art safe
For evermore,
In bliss with Me.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

2.—“ *He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness.*”—
DEUT. II. 7.

THIS is a text replete with consolation, and one which it would be well, if we could have ever before us.

In all our troubles, in all our anxieties, when the burdened heart feels well nigh overdone; then let us raise our thoughts to Him, who knoweth our need, and who is watching us, as “ *we walk through this great wilderness.*”

This world to us is indeed a wilderness; a place fraught with hidden snares, and dangers, of which we know not, until they are upon us.

Truly, we “ *know not what a day may bring forth.*”

But, there is one, who knows, and feels for the very least of His children; and who is even now, extending His loving care over us.

Let us then trust Him still more than we have ever yet done, “ *acknowledging Him in all our ways,*” and believing “ *that He will direct our paths.*”

Even temporal things, He watches over; and why then need we be over anxious, for "*Our Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.*"

A more perfect trust in Him, a fuller reliance upon Him, who doth all things well, would secure for us a far greater amount of peace, and rest, than we now enjoy.

To leave it all with Jesus, should be our motto; and then come, pain, sorrow, sickness, and even death; it matters not, for we know that "*Our life is hid with Christ in God.*"—COL. III. 3.

He never forgets us, or is unmindful of our necessities; having taken our humanity upon Himself, He knows all our wants, and will "*supply all our need.*"

Therefore let us "*rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.*"—PSALM XXXVII. 7.

"*Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour, Jesus Christ.*"—TITUS II. 13.

"*Thou knowest.*"

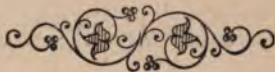
THOU knowest, Lord, my troubled heart,
Is fainting on its weary way;
Oft turned aside by worldly snares,
Oft led, alas, too oft, to stray.

Thou knowest, Lord, the pains I bear,
The daily portion dealt to me ;
Of sleepless nights, and weary days,
Sent to remind me still of Thee.

Thou knowest, Lord, I love Thy name,
Close to Thy side I love to be ;
Still through the future days of life,
Let Thy sweet presence dwell with me.

When tempted oft to murmur sore,
That others suffer less than me ;
Remind me of Thy loving word,
“ That as my day, my strength shall be.”

Yes, this shall be my comfort, Lord,
No future ills shall trouble me,
The knowledge that “Thou knowest, Lord,”
Will make all ills and troubles flee.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

3.—*The Lord Jesus Christ is our hope.*—1 TIM. I. 1.

THANK God, that we have such a sure and stedfast hope,—

The hope of redemption through the blood of our Saviour, Christ.

The word of the Lord hath spoken it, from everlasting to everlasting, and we know that “*It was impossible for God to lie.*”—HEB. VI. 18. Neither will “*He call back his words.*”—ISAIAH XXXI. 2.

He hath promised, that “*Whoso liveth and believeth on Me, shall never die.*”

Then, if we shall never die, we shall live for ever; for we shall be amongst those whom Christ hath redeemed.

What matters a little more or less pain and suffering here, when we know that this life is only a time of probation and trial, refining and purifying us for the better life to come.

We have our sure hope, that Jesus Christ is always watching over us, and ready to support, and strengthen us, in the hour of trial; we need have no fear, for we know "*That God will supply all our need.*"

Christus Salvator Mei.

ALL things shall be mine,
If but Christ dwell
Safe in my heart;
Yes, all then is well!
Anguish, and death,—
E'en hell will flee,
If only I am Christ's,
And Christ with me.

All the most precious things,
Dear to my heart,—
Ties of affection,
All may depart.
To my sure stay
Swift shall I flee,—
Christ will support me, for
Christ is with me.

I ask no other word,
My soul to save!

Christ is triumphant,
Over the grave.
No troubles then
Can trouble me,
If only I am Christ's,
And Christ with me.

Then when the death hour
Breaks on my soul,
" The Great Physician "
Can make me whole.
I shall not fear,
Dark though it be,
Christ is my all,
And Christ is with me.

Ah ! joys unspeakable,
Dawn on my heart,
Never again
From Christ to part.
The gates of life
Open'd for me ;
I am with Christ,
And Christ is with me.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

4.—“*When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?*”
—JOB XXXIV. 29.

LET these sweet words quiet your troubled mind.

You are fretted by many cares ; troubles seem thickening around you ;

One anxiety after another arises, until you know not where to lay your head in quiet rest.

There is One, who can give you this rest of which you are in such need ; to Him you must turn, resigning yourself entirely into His hands, to do with you as it seemeth Him best.

Then ! and not till then, will Jesus be satisfied. Once having cast your cares upon Him they will vanish, for He takes your heavy burdens, and bears them on His own shoulders. And He will cause such quietness, such calm to enter into your minds and dwell there, that no one can mar or trouble the quietness, with which He has blessed you.

“In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.”—ISAIAH XXX. 15.

RETURN to Me, poor lost and wandering
one,

Thy course is troubled, and thy race near
run.

All vainly seeking from thy ills to flee,
There is no way, no rest, no hope but
Me.

No quiet can'st thou gain, but by My
will!

To me return, and lo, "'Tis peace, be
still."

Troubles may come, they will not trouble
thee,

Naught can destroy the quietness from
Me.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

5—" *I have prayed for thee.*"—LUKE XXII. 32.

CHRIST Himself is our Mediator before God the Father, the Judge of all men. He knows our weakness, our sinfulness, our need ; and so He not only has paid our debts, and by the sacrifice of Himself has atoned for our sins ; but He still makes intercession for us, and prays the Father to have mercy upon his children.

If Christ prays for us, how is it possible then that we can neglect the greatest help and aid to Heaven,—private prayer ?

If our Saviour is so persuaded of the efficacy of prayer, as to use it in our behalf, surely we poor, sinful, suffering mortals, ought to be incessant in our entreaties for help and pardon, at the throne of grace.

Let us, then, "*pray without ceasing,*" not only at the stated times of morning, and evening ; but on every occasion, no matter how small, let us be in the habit of laying all before God, and asking His approval and blessing.

Prayer is a great privilege.

Prayer is the means of instant and direct communication of the creature with the Creator.

Swifter than the electric telegraph, swifter than even thought is this wonderful means of grace ; for God has said, "*Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.*"

How ready is our Heavenly Father to listen.

Never will He turn a deaf ear to our petitions, for He says Himself:—

"He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Oh, let us all then come to Him, without delay ; for we know not how much longer our time will be here. Let us then grasp the salvation now within our reach, never allowing ourselves to forget those solemn words. "*The night cometh when no man can work.*"

"I have prayed for thee."

Oh, blessed words, by Christ expressed,

By Him whose every word is blest.

Fear not the world, tempestuous though
it be,

For thou art Mine, for "I have prayed
for thee."

Long have I loved thee, poor weak soul,
Cheer up, for I can make thee whole ;
Through life My grace it shall suffice for thee,
For thou art Mine, for " I have prayed
for thee."

Chosen by Christ, and by His blood made
free ;
My Lord, my life, what can I do for
Thee ?
On earth I'll live to spread Thy glorious
name,
Then when my life is past, with Thee
I'll reign.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

6.—“*It is the Lord.*”—1 SAMUEL III. 18.

LET this suffice; let us bow in meek submission to all the Lord appoints us. “*It is the Lord.*” It is His doing, therefore it must be well.

Grievous is your affliction; perhaps you are now bowed to the very earth, in having your husband taken away from you, while you are left young and feeble, and totally unable (so you think) to stand alone, without the strong and loving arm of your best and dearest friend to support you.

Look up poor stricken mourner, for your Lord feels for you. Your Saviour tenderly beholds you, and will not lay upon you more than you can bear.

Your days are dark and dreary. He says—

“*As your day so shall your strength be.*”

You feel sore and bruised. He says—

“*A bruised reed will I not quench.*”

You feel you must mourn all the days of your life. He says—

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Take these words for yourself; they were written for such as you.

"Cast your burdens upon the Lord, and He will sustain you."

It is the Lord, His will appoints this grief,
To Him I turn, for He can send relief.
Crushed to the earth, my burden is too sore,
Oh Thou who sent the woe, support me
more.

I fain would be resigned unto Thy will,
Oh soothe my troubled heart, say "Peace
be still."

Thou who didst calm the winds and raging
sea,

Can calm the sorrowing heart, which cries
to Thee.

No righteousness have I, no plea to crave,
That I should be restor'd as from the grave.
Jesus, alone, is all the plea I bring,
Jesus, the rock alone to which I cling.

Though toss'd about by storms, and hidden
grief;

In Thy sure harbour, I shall find relief.
Content to bow my head unto Thy will,
"It is the Lord," I cry, and I am still.

I, who, with troubles sore, my soul
 thou save,
 me triumphant rise, from the dark
ave.
with renewed life, and purity,
 into life, and light, and bliss with
thee.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

7.—“*Be strong and of a good courage.*”—JOSH. I. 6.

THESE words will be a help and an encouragement to the timid and faint-hearted.

Many a true and devout Christian, devoted heart and soul to the Saviour, yet feels a reluctance and timidity in confessing Christ crucified, before men.

They fear to speak out boldly, they remain silent when a word in season would both undo harm and spread the good cause; not because they are really unwilling to stand by their colours, but that they simply are weak, and lack courage.

This physical debility is a hindrance in fighting the good fight, and must be both earnestly striven against, and prayed against.

In moments of weakness, then, let us remember the lovingkindness of the Almighty to his servant Joshua, and let us take His promises to ourselves, “*As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee, I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage.*”

O STRENGTHENING words, so kindly spoken,
By One whose words were never broken—
If only thou be strong and fight for Me,
Through life, through death, I will abide
with thee.

Courage! faint heart, new braced to work
again;
For Jesus speak, for Jesus suffer pain.
He passed thy way with thorns all covered
o'er—
Canst thou not bear one pang which Jesus
bore?

O Saviour, Lord, faint though my heart
may be,
Fainting or weak, it ever beats for Thee;
Encouraged by Thy love and power divine,
I'll fight for Jesus still while life is mine.

I will not fear to speak Thy holy name,
Before unhallowed men who have no shame;
My life henceforth devoted is to Thee, but
still
While leading others, let me learn of Thee.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

8.—“*My soul is exceeding sorrowful.*”—MATTHEW XXVI. 38.

POOR mourning mother! Is it in these words of Scripture that your heart pours forth your bruised and troubled spirit? Take comfort by the knowledge that your loving Saviour felt like yourself, and said, “*My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death.*”

His sorrows were not like yours, but His sympathy, and pity for you, is not the less on this account.

Be sure, He tenderly regards you from His heavenly home, and is longing to receive you, and console you for the bereavement under which you are grieving.

He wept for the loss of His earthly friend, and He felt for your anguish when you had to resign your darling child. In the midst of your grief, remember to whose care your child is now committed. It is to Jesus himself, who gathers the little ones into His fold; and in that safe and pleasant harbour, your little child is blest and happy; never again will the

Troubles of this world distress it, no pain
will weary it, no temptations sully its white
soul.

Pure and sinless, you have given it back
to its Saviour, and pure and sinless you
will meet it again.

*"Sorrow not then as others which have no
hope,"* but humbly bow to His will, and say
*"It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth
Him good."* Only submit without repining
and He will comfort you, "you will go to
him, though he shall not return to you."

To watch at midnight's darkest hour,
To see the quivering limbs at night,
To hear the feeble breath that flutters,
And vainly sigh, and long for light;
To gaze at death on bended knee,
Yes! this, this must be—agony.

I saw the child I loved so dear
Fade like a flower; the sun had shed
Too bright a glory of his beams
Upon my child: my child lies dead!
Yes! thus to gaze on bended knee,
As thus I gazed, 'twas agony.

To see the lovely eyes that turned,
In mute appealing to my face—

And e'en in death's remorseless grasp
Lie childlike,—every movement grace,
 To pray its life on bended knee—
 But see it die ! 'twas agony.

Yes, I can say, indeed, I've travelled
In the dark valley close to death—
Seen the last look of life that lingers,
Heard the last feeble gentle breath,
 Gazed on my babe, on bended knee,
 And said farewell in agony.

But still in sorrow there is peace,
Like sunlight coming after rain ;
My God who sent this heavy trial,
Can soothe my mother's heart again.
 To Him I call on bended knee,
 " Support me in this agony."

Yes, Christ alone can cheer my sorrow,
And soothe to peace my mourning heart ;
He who required my little treasure,
Can let us meet no more to part.
 I'll not repine, my griefs will flee,
 I go, ere long, my child, to thee.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

9.—“*O Lord, remember me, and visit me*”—JER. XV. 15.

LET this be a part of our daily prayers, that the Lord should be mindful of us, and visit us ;

That He should so tenderly regard us, that He should condescend so to fill us with the grace of God, so to enlighten us with His brightness, that we may feel that “*The day-spring from on high hath visited us.*”

It must be a blessed feeling to be visited by the Lord.

All evil must flee at the presence of His Majesty.

Purified and sanctified we must be, by His presence.

Oh, let us neglect no means to insure so great a blessing.

Let us entreat Him by “continuing instant in prayer.”

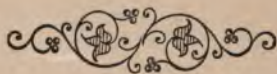
Let us bring Him before us, by partaking of His holy body and blood.

And by a renewed watchfulness of self, and the things of this life, let us prepare to enter into that bliss “*which He has prepared for those that love Him.*”

I do not ask for worldly wealth,
O Lord, but for thy grace.
I have but one desire, Lord,
To walk before Thy face,
For Thy sweet presence, dearest Lord,
Ever to dwell with Thee ;
And while I wander on this earth,
Oh, do Thou "visit me."

My feeble frame and trembling step,
Turns ever to my home ;
Renew again Thy saving grace,
Permit me not to roam.
Support me by Thy power divine,
"My life is hid with Thee,"
And while I pass the waters dark,
Do Thou still "visit me."

Secure I rest upon Thy breast,
No ills my soul alarms ;
I lay me down in peace and rest,
For I am in Thine arms.
Content to do thy bidding here,
Unworthy though I be,
I'll dwell upon the coming hour,
When I shall visit Thee.



THE MORNING OF LIFE.

10.—“*If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.*”—
JOHN VII. 37.

THESE are our Lord's own words; and surely we may infer His great anxiety and desire, that those He came to save, should at once accept His offer; for “*Jesus cried, saying, if any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.*”

Not only did He invite His own disciples, and followers, to the “*Fountain of living water,*” but *any man*, even the *sinful*, the *neglectful*, the *blaspheming*; and those who had hitherto despised and rejected Him.

All were called to “*drink, and thirst no more.*”

Oh, may these words sink into our hearts in the same way they did into the hearts of the people of old, when they replied in answer to the question, “*Why have ye not brought Him?*”

“*Make like this Man.*”

“*Could speak like the Son of God, and say of Himself; who*

took our weakness, and humanity upon Him; and yet, "*was without sin.*"

Even though "*He was tempted in all points like as we are,*" tried with such deep suffering and agony, that "*Angels came from heaven, and strengthened Him,*"—LUKE XXII. 43,

Still He carried out His glorious purpose; and by the sacrifice of Himself, "*suffered death for all men.*"

Let us then, draw near to the gracious Saviour, with joyful, thankful heart, resting on His own words, "*He that believeth on Me shall never thirst.*"—JOHN VII. 35.

"*Come, and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*"—REV. XXII. 17.

SAVIOUR of light, and love divine,
Dwell in this heart, and make it Thine;
The heaven-born grace to me impart,
"*Whiter than snow,*" make this poor heart.

I thirst, O Lord, for water pure,
I seek that fount which shall endure;
That fount which no man sought in vain,
Or drank it, and need drink again.

To Thee I come, with bruised soul,
Renew my heart, and make me whole.
Who but Thee, Lord, can know my grief?
Who but Thee, Lord, can give relief?

Without thy care, how can I dwell?
But with Thy love, all, all is well.
I'll welcome even death and fear,
I dread them not, if Thou be near.

The darkest hour may yet be bright,
The mourning heart sing with delight;
All troubles vanish—flee away,
When Christ turns darkness into day.

Sorrow may come, death's shadow fall,
(The curse of sin must touch us all;)
But, like the sun's declining ray,
Which rises into brighter day,

We only sleep, to rise again,
No more to bear man's lot of pain;
To rest for ever with Thee, Lord,
At peace with man! at home with God!

What peace! what love! what bliss divine!
See Jesus there, and call Him mine;
Hear His own voice distinctly say,
"Thou art in paradise this day!"

THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

11.—“*Mighty to save*”—Is. LXIII. 1.

MIGHTY to save ! What glorious words !
They comprehend our greatest need.

We are lost, without Christ.

We are weak, without His strength.

We are miserable, without His compassion, but “*thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.*” (the gift of His dear Son,) who left his throne for us, to redeem us, and to save us.

In meekness and humility He came to this world, and took up His abode in it. In power, and glory, and majesty, He will come again, and receive those who believe and trust Him, into Paradise.

Conqueror over sin ; triumphant over death ; victorious over Satan and his evil spirits. God, the Son, will appear, “*Mighty to save !*”

“MIGHTY to save !” this thought shall be
our stay,
And give us comfort on our weary way.

Why should we fear the world, the sin, the
grave,
When Christ is ours, and, "Mighty is to
save?"

Let worldlings dread the coming future
day,
They tread not on the thorny, narrow way.
Bitter at last will be their mournful cry,
Jesus, redeem us, ere we fall and die.

But we who love the Lord shall firmly
stand,
Spreading His mighty name thro' all the
land,
Speaking to all, of His great power and
grace,
And leading others thus to seek His face.

To teach His lowly meekness, and His love,
Which drew Him from His glorious throne
above,
And for lost sinners, trembling at their
doom,
He suffered on the cross, entered the tomb.

And shall this sacrifice be all in vain?
Shall we our dear Lord crucify again—
By utter disregard of all His grief,
Reject His offers free, of full relief?

Or shall we haste to come, at His dear call,
Renouncing for His sake this world, and all,
In meekness, praying Him to hear our cry,
“Mighty to save!” oh, save us, lest we die?



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

12—" *There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*"—
HEBREWS IV. 9.

THIS rest is not for the worldly-minded ; we know their life is like the troubled sea ; no peace, no rest, for the wicked. What a terrible doom, even in this life, to suffer ; to lie down at night with a troubled, uneasy conscience. To lie waking, and terror-stricken, through the long hours of darkness, dreading and fearing that perhaps this very night, " our soul may be required of us." And where would it be ? not in the heaven of rest most assuredly ; but in that terrible place of punishment, "*Where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.*"—MAT. XIII. 42.

Let us turn thankfully to the contrast, and see what is prepared for those who love and serve God.

Even on this earth they have their reward ; "*As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God ; even to them that believe on His name.*" JOHN I. 12.

Truly, we may encounter storms and trials, even though we do belong to the

people of God ; but we have a sure stay, for we can lean upon the One, "*who faints not neither is weary, who giveth power to the faint : and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.*"—ISAIAH XL. 28, 29.

Only let our whole lives be devoted to His service, and our minds continually dwelling on Him, then shall be attained perfect rest and peace. "*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.*"—ISAIAH XXVI 3.

Our life, whether long or short, may be safely trusted to the Lord ; it will be only a little sooner, or a little later to enter into our rest, for we know that "*I shall behold Thy face in righteousness ; I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.*"—PSALM XVII. 15.

And then, when the toil of life is over ; the dark waters passed through ; the grave entered into, but risen from, what remaineth, but *a rest to the people of God ?*"

Such rest as here we can form no idea of ; but that perfect, entire, and lasting rest for ever in the city of the Lord, where "*the saved shall walk in the light of it.*"—Rev. XXI. 24, and "*The Lamb is the light thereof.*"

BRIGHTNESS of thy Father's glory,
In the mysteries of light,
Heaven-born Jesus, King of angels,
Deign to hear Thy child to-night.

Tired oft of this life's story,
Of its toil, and of its pain,
Sighs my soul for Heaven's glory,
Rest in Heaven will be my gain.

All devoted to my Saviour,
Still my every thought is Thee ;
Worldly matters I'm renouncing,
Soars my inner life to Thee.

Oh, imbue me with Thy Spirit,
Fill my soul with light divine ;
Let me sleep, and wake in Heaven,
Satisfied to find Thee mine.

Naught else can my spirit strengthen,
Fit me for this life of pain ;
Father, oh, receive my offering !
Let my heart with Thee remain.

Take my heart, and make it holy,
Gentle, pure, and fit to be
What Thy Holy Word has spoken,
A meet dwelling-place for Thee.

Keep me all my life unsullied,
Grant me raiments shining bright—
Raiments wash'd in Thine own fountain,
By Thy blood made spotless white.

THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

13.—“*The Lord knoweth them that are His.*”—1 TIM. II. 19.

A good man once said, that on our first entering heaven, three things would greatly surprise us :—

First.—That we shall see there, so many that we never expected to see. People that we have been in the habit of judging most harshly.

Secondly.—We shall miss many whom we expected to see—whom, on this earth, we were accustomed to look upon with love and reverence; but upon whom the Lord and Judge had passed a severer judgment, for “*man looketh upon the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.*”

Thirdly.—We shall undoubtedly be most amazed to find ourselves there, in that abode of happiness and purity, of unalloyed bliss, of joys unspeakable, of the King in His beauty, the Lamb the light, the Saints in their white robes, the innumerable company of

Angels, the noble army of Martyrs,
the countless host of Children. All
these wonders will overpower our
newly risen bodies, and we shall fall
at the foot of the throne and cry,
“*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,*
which was, and is, and is to come.”

Oh, let all who have not sufficiently made
this glorious theme a subject for their
consideration, do so without delay; especially
making it a prayer to be one of those
whom the Lord knows are His chosen ones.

Oh, pure and sinless One! of power and
grace divine
Look down from Thy exalted throne,
And count me Thine!

Midst all the myriad hosts, who at Thy
footstool fall,
Let me be one of Thy redeemed,
And lowly fall.

Amidst the mansions fair, all glorious to
see,
Which Thy love hast prepared, oh find
A place for me.

Let me be found amongst thy chosen
throng,
Who praise Thee, every day and night,
In sweetest song.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God, they call,
Worthy art Thou, the Lamb, the King,
The Light of all !



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

14.—“*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.*”—MATT. XXIV. 35.

THESE are Christ's own words; let us not doubt them, for by so doing we lose the comfort and consolation of taking them to ourselves.

What are His words? Let us ponder on some of His most precious ones.

First—He speaks to us, telling us how so to live that we may attain everlasting life.

We must first place implicit confidence and trust in Him.

“*He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life.*”
JOHN v. 24.

Works must follow faith.

“*Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in Heaven.*”—MATT. VII. 21.

We must strive to do His will, asking humbly for His aid, remembering that

"every one that asketh receiveth."—MATT. VII. 8.

We are not to be ashamed of our profession.—*"Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in Heaven."*—MATT. x. 32.

We are to expect troubles, as part of our portion here.

"He that taketh not His cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me."—MATT. x. 38.

We must watch for His coming.

"Watch therefore : for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—MATT. XXIV. 42.

We must work for His poor.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—MATT. XXVI. 40.

Thus must we all strive and work, till, at the end of life, we may hear these comforting words :

"Fear not, little flock : for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—LUKE XII. 32.

I HAVE Thy written word, O Lord,
I need no other plea ;
I know the sacrifice is paid,
That Thou hast died for me.

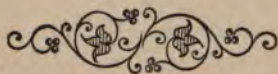
It is too much, I lowly cry,
My Lord, my life, art Thou ;
Teach me to know Thy righteous will,
To Thy commands I bow.

E'en should it be Thy pleasure, Lord,
That while I travel here,
Storms may dismay me all the day,
Dark may the night appear,

Yet do I still desire, O Lord,
Closer to Thee to cling,
Thou, the great source of every good,
The life of every thing.

No creature breathes but by Thy will,
It dies at Thy command ;
Oh, keep me, as I long to be,
"In the hollow of Thy hand,"

Until, obedient to Thy will,
I yield my latest breath ;
Oh then receive my spirit, Lord—
I'll serve Thee true till death.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

15.—“*Every one that asketh receiveth.*”—MATT. VII. 8.

EVERY one receiveth; not only those who have spent their lives in His service, but also the worst sinners—even those who like the thief on the cross, can ask and receive, and be “*with thee, Lord, this day in Paradise.*”

Are there any who feel they have not yet received? Oh, ere 'tis too late! ask, and ask with your whole heart.

Christ longs to save you, “*He desireth not the death of a sinner,*” He only asks you to believe on Him, and take Him for your example.

Never mind if your sins seem too dark for forgiveness, if they burden too heavily on your soul, *still do not doubt*; only “*return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon you; and to our God, and He will abundantly pardon.*” You may be utterly depraved, loving the sin which keeps you from your God; but you cannot love hell, you must in the secret depths of your heart feel a longing to be different to what

you are, and a desire to escape the doom of the wicked, "*where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*"

If you have a desire to be one of Christ's chosen ones, and yet only a feeble, flickering flame of love, still you can ask God to pour His Holy Spirit into your heart, and fill you more with heavenly love.

Even the faint desire to be better, shows that you are in the way of salvation. Satan never put one good desire into your heart; therefore, poor, lukewarm, and trembling soul, take courage, and believe the Spirit of God is even now speaking to you, and *making intercession at the throne of grace, "with groanings which cannot be uttered."*

You are unhappy because you feel that your safety is not certain.

Oh make your peace, this moment, with your Creator.

Accept, without a moment's delay, your salvation from your Saviour; happiness and peace will then enter into your soul, and dwell there.

Only "*Ask and receive, that your joy may be full*"

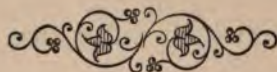
ART thou bowed to earth with sorrow,
Mourning, weeping for thy sin,
Fearing that the gates of heaven,
Were not meant to let thee in?

Red like crimson, in the sunshine
Of the God-created light—
Scarlet, though they be, still bring them
To that fountain; wash them white.

Still 'tis flowing, purest waters,
Heaven-born drops, all given to thee;
Thirsty one, stoop down and drink it,
Thou shall ne'er more thirsty be.

Cleanséd in that crystal fountain,
Garments sullied shall be white,—
Purer than the snow from Heaven;
Pure to bear thy Saviour's sight.

Oh, rejoice! that Christ's great mercy,
Savéd thee, when all undone,
And the Judge of all men see thee,
Through the merits of His Son.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

16.—“*Thou art my portion, O Lord.*”—PSALM CXIX. 57.

HAPPY will it be for us if we can all say this !

No need, then, for anxieties to weigh us down, or troubles to distress us ; our souls will rise above all minor cares, our heart will be able in the midst of severe afflictions to lift itself unrepiningly to the Lord, and say—“*Thou art my portion, O Lord.*” “*O Lord, if Thou art with me, who can be against me ?*”

If the Lord himself is our portion, we shall possess all we need.

Faith ! will be our guiding star, for we shall know that we are safely provided for.

We shall cease to be anxious and fretted about our future, for we know “*the Lord will provide.*”

Evil days may come, but we know He saith, “*Fear not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.*”

We shall be content to leave all in hands ; only saying, "*Lord, undertake me.*" And we may rest assured He will so, for He saith, "*No good things will withhold from them that walk uprightly.*"

THOU art my portion, Lord !
Secure I rest on Thee,
I dread no future ills,
If Thou my portion be.
Satan may seek to harm
The soul Thou died'st to save—
I know 'tis safe with Thee,
Through life, and through the g

Oh, blessed, blessed thought,
Most comforting to me,
To know that, come what may
Thou wilt my portion be.
Then, welcome sorrow, death,
All ills may shadow me,
I'll not refuse one pang,
That brings me closer Thee.

Shall I refuse the cross,
The cross my Saviour bore ?
His portion here was pain,
I'll welcome it the more ;

For well I know, above,
In the home prepared for me,
A golden crown and harp,
Will then my portion be.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

17.—“*They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.*”—DANIEL XII. 3.

“**T**HEY that be wise,” does not mean wise in the knowledge that worldly-minded people call wisdom.

Not a knowledge of languages, or of astronomy, or such learned matters ; but the wisdom which cometh from God, which will teach us to “*walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time.*”—EPH. V. 15.

Then we shall faithfully and heartily study God’s written word, “*which is able to make us wise unto salvation.*”—2 TIM. III. 15.

This is the only true wisdom, to seek salvation ; and it is a wisdom, which the poorest, the most ignorant, and even the youngest child may be wise in. We must all strive, if we would attain the reward promised unto those that are so, to be “*wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil.*”—ROMANS XVI. 19.

How are we to become wise? By the fear of the Lord; for "*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*"—PSALM III. 10.

And then see what the reward is; we are to receive honour and glory, for "*we shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.*"

Thus having possessed ourselves of this wisdom, our first endeavour will be to spread it amongst others, and so glorify our Lord Jesus.

No one who really loves the Lord, can be satisfied unless he or she is *spreading* the glad tidings.

We cannot feel safe and happy ourselves, without looking with great compassion on those souls who are still walking in darkness.

No, we feel we must lead them also to the foot of the cross, and point out to them their crucified Lord.

This we shall all do for the love of Jesus; and he will reward us for our endeavours, for "*those who turn many to righteousness (will shine) as the stars for ever and ever.*"

WELL done ! thou good and faithful one !
Thy task is over, and thy race is run.—
Henceforth, amidst the brightest rays of
light,
Receive the glory, promised to the right.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

18.—“*Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light.*”—EPIH. V. 8.

THERE are but few of us who have not the sorrow of looking back to a portion of our life when we “walked” as it were “*in darkness, and in the shadow of death.*” Praise be to the Lord, if we now can say, that “*He guided our feet into the way of peace.*”

We may now, in our regenerate and more enlightened state, look sorrowfully and anxiously on some, perhaps, near and dear to us, who are not yet walking as children of light.

We need not however despair, if it seems long before they will listen to us, and turn unto the Lord; for we know that “*He willeth not the death of a sinner,*” and wishes that all should come unto Him and live.

We have also the privilege of offering up earnest prayer for those whose salvation is most precious to us; and that our earnest prayers will be heard, and answered, we can have no doubt.

Christ himself says, "*I have prayed for thee ;*" and the Holy Spirit we know "*maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered.*"

Let us then, however anxious we may be, devote still more time to hearty, fervent prayer, remembering that Christ says, "*ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.*"

And oh, what joy can equal the joy of seeing all we love gathered, one after another, into the fold of Christ; so that we shall be "*one fold, under one shepherd.*"

OH, hardened, stubborn heart, so slow to
come,
So loath to yield thy will, and seek thy
home;
Aloof thou standest, deaf unto the cry,
"Come unto Me ! oh, let me not pass by."

Art thou all sin-stained ? garments sullied
o'er,
Adding more pain unto the cross Christ
bore ?
Still does thy Saviour o'er thee mourning
bend ;
Still o'er His erring one His arms extend !

Have years elapsed, since at the fount of
grace,
A babe thou wast, no sin then in thy face?
Sprinkled with water pure, regenerate soul;
How hast thou passed those years, bruised
or whole?

'Tis not too late; oh, hear the gracious
call,
"Come unto Me, all ye that thirst!" come
all,
"Haste to the fount, 'tis freely, freely,
given,
"Water of life, and bread," I give from
Heaven.

Oh, ere the night descends which knows no
ray,
The closing hours of life, the end of day,
Grasp tight the loving arm o'er-shadowing
thee,
Haste, haste, from sorrow, and from sin to
flee.

His pity still beholds thee from afar;
Look up! adore the bright and Morning
Star,
Fear not! though dark as night thy sins
may be,
Though red as crimson, they are cleansed
by Me!

THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

19.—“ *We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.*”—ROM. VIII. 28.

THESE are words which require a great amount of faith to make our own.

It is so hard to feel that it is good, when suffering under severe bereavement;

The future is so dark and gloomy; perhaps the very stay of our weakness is gone, and yet we are called upon to believe it is for our good!

Happy are those who can easily receive these words.

And for those who find it also impossible, they must simply feel it is a trial of their faith; and pray for renewed strength from above.

Even the very act of submissively bowing the head, and saying, “*It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good,*” will bring peace to many a troubled one.

“*Thy will* (not mine) *be done,*” must often be the cry that ascends to Heaven; and our pitying Lord looks down in com-

passion, and says, "*I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you.*"—JOHN XIV. 18.

Let us then lift up our hearts unto God, and when the dark days of trial are overshadowing us, still let us trust our Lord, never doubting His infinite love and compassion.

That in time we shall be at peace, and rest, we cannot doubt; for He saith, "*Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*"—JOHN XIV. 27.

It is Thy hand ! enough, I yield
Unto Thy just decree ;
Though stricken to the earth, I bow,
And sore bereaved be.

I will not leave the gracious hand,
That sends this anguish keen,
I only kiss the chastening rod,
And think what might have been.

I might have been a poor lost soul,
Wandering in deserts wild,
And not a chastened erring one ;
But yet, Thy long-loved child.

Good I have oft received from Thine
And shall I not take ill?
I am content to yield my will
To Thine, and I am still.

'Twas not in anger, but in love
And purest sympathy,
That sent the blow to make Thy
Dwell more and more on Thee.



THE NOONDAY OF LIFE.

20,—*"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."*—ROMANS VIII. 38, 39.

CAN you say this? Can you feel so close under the shadow of the cross, so devoted to your blessed Saviour, that nothing on earth, or even the powers in hell, shall be able to move you from your sure refuge?

Oh, happy one! if this is your feeling. Secure on the Rock of Ages, so that "*the gates of hell shall not prevail against you.*"

And if it should not be so!

If you are still trembling, lest "being weighed in the balance you should be found wanting;" oh, ere it is too late, ask so to be taught of God, that you shall not dare to rest until you have found *peace in Jesus.*

It is so easy; it is simply a giving of yourself to Christ—asking Him to receive you, and believing that He has already saved you.

You have only to accept His free gift of salvation ; and, having accepted it, you will find it easy to follow His steps. Only love Him, and you will feel it your delight to obey His commandments ; you will be lost unless you accept Him ; there is no other way, but by Jesus.

“Neither is there salvation in any other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.”—ACTS IV. 12.

“Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.”—ACTS III. 19.

And do not doubt that He will listen unto you, and grant your desire, for *“Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.”—ACTS II. 21.*

You may feel your sins so many that you dare not hope for forgiveness, but *“The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.”—LUKE XVIII. 27.*

Therefore do not despair ; only leave it all to Jesus, who died for you, and be at peace ; you need salvation !

“Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”—LUKE XI. 9.

My days are passing,
My life is fleeting ;
Days succeed days !
Oh ! where shall I flee ?
Into the desert wild,
Into the wilderness ?
Can I escape there,
From my misery ?
Voices are calling
Louder and keener,
Repent ! oh, repent !
The night comes apace !
Is there no peace for me,
From all my ills to flee ?
How can I look on
My Saviour's face ?
Can I gaze on it,
Bright in its purity,
Shining like stars,
And light on the sea ?
I am so dark with sin,
My soul impure within—
Say, can I find
A place for me ?
Sinner ! thou canst cheer !
Jesus is near thee ;
Bright days of joy
And peace untold.

Rest on thy Saviour,
Who has bled for thee,
Soon He'll gather thee
Into His fold.

His blood was shed for thee,
Death He suffered ;
Cruel and sharp
Was the agony !
But the debt is o'er,
It can be paid no more—
Thy sins are washed in
The blood of the Lamb !





EVENTIDE.



The Evening of Life.

1. *O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end !—DEUT. XXXII. 29.*
2. *We have redemption through His blood.—EPH. I. 7.*
3. *Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.—JOB XIII. 15.*
4. *My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing.—PSALM XXXI. 10*
5. *This is my rest for ever : here will I dwell ; for I have desired it.—PSALM CXXXII. 14.*
6. *The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.—PROV. XVI. 31.*
7. *My soul hath desired Thee in the night season.—ISAIAH XXVI. 9.*
8. *Lord, my desire is before Thee : my heart panteth, my strength faileth.—PSALM XXXVIII. 9, 10.*
9. *Hath He said, and shall He not do it ? hath He spoken, and shall he not make it good ?—NUM. XXIII. 19.*
10. *Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.—PSALM XIII. 3.*
11. *The world passeth away.—1 JOHN II. 17.*
12. *When shall I come and appear before God ?—PSALM XLII. 2.*
13. *He that endureth to the end shall be saved.—MATTHEW X. 22.*

14. *What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe to receive them, and ye shall have them.*—MARK XI.
15. *Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy and I will give you rest.*—MATT. XII. 28.
16. *When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto*
MICAH VII. 8.
17. *The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the lasting arms.*—DEUT. XXXIII. 27.
18. *They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall not be weary; and they shall walk, and not*
—ISAIAH XL. 31.
19. *Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.*—REV. XIX. 9.
20. *And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*—REV. XXII. 17.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

1.—“*O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!*”—DEUT. XXXII. 29.

THIS evening of life is the third stage through which those must pass who reach man's allotted time, the “three-score years and ten.”

Their early morning, and their ripe noonday, have now departed; and the closing scene of life, must ere long be their portion.

How necessary that this short remaining span of human life should be devoted to the great Giver of life; to the One who has watched, and guarded you throughout your many years.

How well it will be with you if you can look back and say, that all those past years you have walked with God, and that He has been your long tried friend and upholder.

But should it be the case, that your grey hairs (nature's monitor,) find you, alas! *far from God*; oh! then be "wise, and consider your latter end."

Your opportunities will now be few, do not let them slip altogether away!

The eleventh hour is striking; do not let it find you unready; but "prepare to meet your God."

PREPARE to meet thy God!
The hours fleet away,
Ere 'tis too late, kneel down
And to Him humbly pray.

O be thou wise, and think
How sad 'twill be,
To have to meet thy God,
And see Him turn from thee!

Now is the time thine own,
To the earth fall;
One earnest cry, and He
Will hear thy call.

Shall all His grief and death,
Be all in vain?
Can'st thou thy Saviour grieve
And wound again?

The door is open ! Look—
'Tis wide, for thee !
Delay not, lest He say,
“ I know not thee.”

Arise, arise, before
The storm shall break ;
Cling firmly to the cross,
For Jesu's sake.

He does not wish one soul
To perish here.
One look to Him ! enough—
Thou need'st not fear.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

2.—“*We have redemption through His blood.*”—Eph. 1. 7.

THANK God for these blessed words of promise; all we need are contained in them.

We are weak, frail mortals, needing a way to escape the penalty which sin brought upon us.

How can we obtain an exemption from the penalty of death?

How escape the doom pronounced upon all the descendants of Adam?

Only by one way! Through the merits of Jesus alone, can we be cleansed, by His most precious blood!

He alone is our Saviour, our Redeemer, our Mediator.

Christ alone is our plea, when we stand before the Judge.

But washed in His blood we can be pure in the sight of the Father.

He took our guilt, and paid the debt.

We have only to believe in Him, and our salvation is at once, now, and for ever secured ; for “ *We have redemption through His blood.*”

UPON the cross ! the dying Saviour hung !
To highest Heavens, loud lamentations
rung :

An awestruck group in bitter sorrow bow :
Their Lord ! their King ! Behold their
Saviour now.

A sinner's death He dies, of sin and shame !
“ King of the Jews ! ” men cry, and mock
His Name !

His Name, that Holy Name, how could
it be ?

Ah ! surely angels wept, such death to see.

The precious Blood that flow'd from Thy
dear side,

Commands an answer from the world so
wide ;

Shall Thy Blood flow unnoticed yet by me,
And still not draw me to true peace, and
Thee ?

Oh, dying Lord ! who died this death for
me,
That I might Heaven attain, and from death
flee !
Accept the only offering I can bring :
My soul, my life, I offer to my King !

My sins are crimson ! Thou canst wash
them white,
Disperse the stains, and make me pure and
bright—
Pure in the gaze of One, who needs to see
That I am washed, and clothed, and led by
Thee !

I'll not repine if clouds and darkness come,
And for a time obscure my longed for
home ;
Thee, will I trust, who bore all ills for me :
Can I not bear one sharp and bitter pang
for Thee ?

Friends may depart by death, or changing
seem !
Life may grow dark, and lose its brightest
beam !
Yet still one hope sustains me to the grave,
Thy blood redeems, and "mighty is to
save."

Yes, 'tis Thy Blood alone, that is my plea !
Washed in Thy Blood, and sanctified by
Thee ;
The Father knows full well that sacred
sign,
And bids me enter in, for I am Thine.

Thine ! Thine for ever, on th' eternal shore,
Where all is bliss, and blood is shed no
more ;
But purest water flows, all sweet and
bright,
Where the Lamb, and the Bride, dwell in
the light.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

3.—“*Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.*”—JOB XIII. 15.

ARE you bruised and shaken, poor mourner?

Does it seem that all His waves and billows are gone over you?

Yet still trust Him!

Jesus at this very minute is watching you, and His loving arm is stretched out still.

“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

His own words must speak comfort to your heart.

You may be cast down, but you are not forsaken!

Jesus himself is mindful of you, and in His own good time will turn your hours of heaviness, into days of rejoicing.

His pity is infinite, for “*like as a Father pitieth his own children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.*”

We know His sympathizing, loving heart
Not for the loss of His earthly friend;
Therefore the more surely can we feel that
He feels for us when bereavement of loved
Ones is well nigh breaking our hearts.

ARE thy days sad?
Are they dreary?
Long, long nights
And pains so weary?
Raise to Heaven
Thy drooping head,
Christ is near
To make thy bed.

He will soothe thee
In thy weakness;
All thy griefs and
Pains He'll bear;
And He'll take thee,
Safe and surely,
To His Home,
For ever there.

Angels, now are
Bending o'er thee,
Waiting till Christ
Bids thee come:

In their arms,
So kind and loving,
They will bear thee
To thy home.

Never more will
Pain and sorrow
Wring thy frame
And tire thy brow.
Heaven's gates
Are open widely;
Jesu's arms are
Round thee now.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

4.—*"My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing."*—
PSALM XXI. 10.

ALAS! it is true, that some poor afflicted ones seem to have a shadow cast over their lives; as soon as one trouble comes, another follows, until there seems to be no ray of light amidst the gloom.

Where can we turn if such is the case, but unto the One who is "*a refuge from the blast,*" and a sure "*help in time of trouble.*" "*Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God,*" are words so strengthening and comforting, that the sorrowful spirit must cheer to read them.

Where should we be in seasons of trial without Christ?

Dark and gloomy indeed then would be our doom.

Only Christ, at such times, can cheer the bruised reed; oh, let us all learn His goodness in the days of our prosperity; so that when He ordains affliction as a means of bringing us still closer to Himself, we may

be able to lift up our hearts in thankfulness to Him, and exclaim, "*It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.*"

We have His faithful promise, that our trials shall have their end; they may continue according to His will, but "The days of thy mourning shall be ended."—ISAIAH LX. 20.

Let us then submit ourselves wholly unto His holy will and pleasure, remembering that, "*If we sow in tears, we shall also reap in joy.*"

THE shadows lengthen, soon the night will
fall,
And dark clouds gather like a funeral pall.
Is there no light amidst this gloom to see?
No sun, no moon, no stars, alas! for me?

Shall life henceforth be dreary? troubles
sore
Weigh down my sorrowing spirit more and
more?
Is there no friend at hand—with love so
sweet,
To lead to peace, my weary trembling feet?

Yes, One! there is, who through thy woes
and ill,
With loving heart, bends o'er His children
still;
His hand is stretched, close is the Mercy-
seat!
Thy troubles leave, low at thy Saviour's
feet.

Does loss of friends oppress thy mourning
heart?
From earthly friends, indeed 'tis hard to
part!
But there is One! who on this earth did
bear
Such griefs and woes as fall not to thy
share.

And yet He mourn'd! when Lazarus in
death slept,
Our Saviour grieved, and "Jesus sadly
wept."
Thus trust Him still; your Lord, He can
console,
Your heart is bruised, He can make it
whole.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

5.—“*This is my rest for ever : here will I dwell for I have desired it.*—PSALM CXXXII. 14.

THIS text, indeed, implies the perfection of rest. It does not mean a rest for awhile, during the toil of life, a season snatched from a busy time of occupation ; but it means the rest which we are all longing for—

The haven of peace to which we are all journeying, and the goal which we keep ever before our eyes.

How satisfactory also are the words “for ever.” A blessed period which we shall enter upon, and never cease enjoying ; years may succeed years, countless ages may roll, but we are secure ; our rest has begun ! No more toil ! no more anxiety ! no more heart-achings.

We shall enter into “*the Kingdom prepared for us.*” Christ has said those heavenly words, “*Come ye blessed of My Father ;*” and we have come, weary with the journey, and entered into that peace and rest which passeth man’s understanding. There shall we dwell for ever.

Long have we wearied for and desired
it; but it can be, and most assuredly will
be ours, if we only put our whole trust and
confidence in Him who careth for us.

For ever, and for ever ! when this life's day
is o'er,

For ever, and for ever ! to rest upon that
shore.

Where no rocks, no storms, no billows,
Will our trembling hearts assail,
For Christ our great salvation,
Shall over death prevail.

To rest, to rest for ever ! while countless
ages roll,

In that bless'd land of safety, where,
gathered from each pole,

We'll meet our loved departed,
Who have long since gone home,
And in their Father's presence found
Rest, rest, and rest alone.

Rest ! such as here we know not ; rest ! that
shall never cease ;

Rest ! filling us with gladness, and joy, and
love, and peace.

Who would not then attain it—
This rest, so sweet to win ?
Rejoice ! 'tis gained already,
When Jesus died for sin.

'Tis freely, freely offered, no debt have we
to pay;
For through the darksome valley, along
death's gloomy way,
Our Saviour bore our burden,
And drank the cup of pain,
That all His bitter sufferings,
Might be our greatest gain.

And can ye then refuse it, this unknown
rest in store,
Which could we once enjoy it, we'd only
crave for more.

The rest from this world's trouble,
The rest from grief and pain,
The rest for all Eternity,
The life with Christ to reign.

Oh joys! how great, unspeakable, "the
blessed dead shall rest!"
Their labours are all over, they lean on
Jesu's breast!

Safe in the Heavenly harbour,
Their good works, shadow o'er
"The pleasant land" they've come to—
They rest for evermore!



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

6.—“*The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.*”—PROV. XVI. 31.

THANKS to the Father of mercies; we who have loved and served Him for long years will never be forsaken.

His promises are sure, that He will never leave or forsake us.

We are old, and grey-headed; we have seen length of days, but our long life is now nearly ended, and we shall lay down the cross, and receive the crown of glory.

Thou hast been our stay through long past years. Troubles and anxieties have been our lot; bereavements have laid their heavy mark upon us, but “*Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift,*” the gift of His dear Son.

We have known and proved His goodness, His love, His power; and now that the last mile of our journey is at hand, and the dark valley is near, we can say, “*I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.*”—PSALM XXIII.

After this communion, how earnestly then does the desire come, to be "*with the Lord,*" in that blessed kingdom "*where there shall be no night;*" and the weary soul pours out its longing in these words — "*My soul hath desired Thee in the night season.*"

WAKEFUL I lie, O Lord, alone,
And sigh for Thee.
Refresh me by Thy spirit pure,
Bid troubles flee.
No other help I do desire,
O Lord, but Thee.

Have pity on Thy servant, Lord,
So weak and ill,
Who longs to yield to Thee his all,
And bend his will.
Oh, let him hear those loving words—
"Peace, peace, be still."

If painful days and weary nights
My portion be—
Yet still I thank Thee for the cross
Thou givest me.
From Thy dear hand I take the cup,
And cling to Thee !

Thou wilt not lay more on us, Lord,
Than we can bear ;
Support us by Thy saving grace,
And hear our prayer.
In the night season, let us feel
Thee everywhere.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

8.—“*Lord, my desire is before Thee : my heart panteth, my strength faileth.*”—PSALM XXXVIII. 9. 10.

O LORD, look upon me, and behold my feeble, failing strength ; now turning to labour and sorrow.

Threescore years and ten, Thou hast allotted to us, and my years have passed these.

I turn to the Rock of Ages, and I desire to be with Thee ; grant me patience still to endure a litte longer to the end, and then receive thy servant, who so long has loved Thee, into everlasting habitations.

I submit myself to Thy holy will and pleasure, and only desire to say, “ *Thy will, not mine be done.* ”

My fainting heart, with griefs opprest,
To Thee looks up for peace and rest ;
To Thee alone, for help I flee—
I have no hope, no light, no guide but Thee.

Long years have left their snowy trace,
My form is bow'd, and worn my face ;
Yet worn and aged though I be,
Still I will place my hope, my all, on Thee.

To Thee I can look up and praise,
Thou Holy One ! "Ancient of days."
For those who long have trusted Thee,
Will live in bliss thro' all eternity.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

9.—“*Hath He said, and shall He not do it? Hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?*”—NUMBERS XXIII. 19.

HIS promises and kindnesses are innumerable; “*His compassions fail not, they are new every morning.*”

In our early youth, in our noonday, and in the evening of life, still does He tenderly care for His children, and extend over them, the everlasting arms.

“*Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.*”—JOHN VI. 37.

Let us come now at once, without delay, and having come, let us remain, and say “*It is good for me to be here.*”

“*He that believeth on Me, hath everlasting life.*”—JOHN V. 24.

Oh, let us have faith at once, to make this most clear and blessed promise our own.

We merely need the simple faith of a young child, and at once, in a moment, our salvation is secured.

It becomes ours at once, no need for us to feel we take too much upon ourselves, for we only follow and accept the Lord's most blessed words.

To doubt His words, is to make Him a liar; "*Hath He said, and shall He not do it, hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good.*"

"*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*"—ACTS XVI. 31.

Only believe, no actions of your own can admit you into Heaven.

Believe, and Christ the door shall open unto you, and ye shall enter in, "*and find rest unto your souls.*"

THE Lord hath said the word,
And shall it not be true?
What Jesus Christ has promised,
That Jesus Christ will do!

Yea, he that comes to Me,
All weary, worn, and sad ;
I, Jesus, will receive him ;
I, Jesus, make him glad.

Believe that I am Christ,
Thy Saviour, ris'n for thee ;
Once bleeding on the cross,
Now in eternity.

By Me alone, the Door !
Can sinners enter in,
Be washed all pure and white,
All cleansèd from their sin.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

10.—“*Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.*”

—PSALMS XIII. 3.

WE are drawing near the end of our pilgrimage; we have passed many a rough and toilsome part of the road; cold and bleak has been the chilling winds of unkindness, and lack of sympathy; but thank God, our friend has never yet failed us.

Our steps are now growing feeble; the grasshopper is becoming a burden. Grant that still we may be enabled to cling closer to the cross; let not the sleep of death find us unprepared for the coming change, but let it find us watching.

Thou, who canst command the waves to be still, and the storm to cease, grant us a quiet, peaceable close to our days, and bring us unto our long desired haven.

Bring us, we beseech Thee, out of the “darkness and shadow of death,” unto

“the glorious light, the liberty of the sons of God.” Death and its terrors are approaching; oh, be Thou near to guide—
“*our guide, even unto death.*”

Let not the dark waters overflow, but, holding Thy right hand, let us safely pass through to the other side, where there shall be no more night, and Thou, O Christ, shall be our light.

O CHRIST, my days are drawing to a close,
Grant I may spend my latest breath on
Thee;

And when I sink into my last repose,
I may wake up in light and life to be.

Never again on this earth's dreary void,
Seek for the need, and seek it all in vain;
But in a new and glorified delight,
Behold my Saviour, and with Jesus reign.

Support me, Jesus, by Thy saving grace;
My darkness lighten with Thy light divine;
Grant me Thy presence thro' the closing
hour,
Then wake in Heaven, and behold Thee
mine!

Without Thy hand, O Lord, I cannot go,
The vale is dark, its waters frighten me ;
I need Thy power every step I take,
Each step which brings me to my home,
and Thee.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

11.—“ *The world passeth away.*”—I JOHN II. 17.

THIS is a very solemn thought, and one which must make the things of this life very unimportant.

They will all come to an end.

The lands which are so dear to us ;

The houses in which we take such interest ;

All our wordly goods, collected with so much toil, and pains, will all pass away, and their place will know them no more.

And the world itself passeth away, also.

What about ourselves ; do we pass away, and become as naught ?

No ; for we are immortal.

The end of our life here is but the beginning of a new life.

Let us pray that it may be the better one—

A life with Christ ;

A never-ending glory ;

Where we shall be with our Lord, and
be like Him, "*for we shall see him as He
is.*"

Yes, we shall see Him
In His robes of light,
Midst His hosts of Angels,
Pure and shining bright—
Bright with such a glory,
As no mortal eye
Can behold and live,
When He passeth by.

This world's short story
Will seem like a dream
When we dwell in Heaven,
In its brightness beam ;
Never more regretting
Shadows which oft fell,
Darkening with night
All we loved so well.

This world, it passeth ;
Love it not too dear ;
Turn your thoughts to Heaven,
Coming ever near :
Safe, secure for ever,
Where there is no night,
But saints walking ever
With the Lamb in light.

Dwell upon its joy,
Think what ye shall see ;
Crystal waters flowing,
Golden streets for thee.
Martyrs there, and Angels,
Children young and fair,
Sound His praises ever,
Through the heavenly air.

Hark to their music,
Listen to their song ;
Thou shalt sing it with them,
Join in it ere long.
Worthy art Thou, the Lamb !
Glory of them all,
Thou, who was slain for us,
Christ, King over All !



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

12.—“*When shall I come and appear before God?*”—PSALM
XLII. 2.

SOON the summons must come, “*This night thy Soul shall be required of thee.*”

Oh Lord, grant that it may find me watching.

Not in my own strength shall I dare to appear before Thy Divine Majesty, but clad in the wedding garment, resting on the Rock of Ages, my crucified Lord, shall I humbly approach Thy throne.

Through His Blood I hope to be accepted. Washed in His Blood, my garments shall be white.

The Blood of Christ is my only plea! The Cross is the tower to which I cling! This world is passing away, the day of the Lord is at hand, when the saints shall rise to meet their Lord in the air. Oh come quickly. “*Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*”

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

13.—“*He that endureth to the end shall be saved.*”—
MATTHEW X. 22.

LORD, assist us by Thy mighty power, so to endure, that at the solemn Day of Judgment Thou wilt say to us, “*Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.*”

Through manifold temptations, through constant dangers, through wearing anxieties, we desire to faithfully endure to the end.

Oft-times faint-hearted and discouraged, grant us such a measure of Thy grace that we “*may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all to stand.*”

We do not ask to be exempt from all trials, we only entreat to be kept from the evil; and that having humbly endured to the end, we shall experience the fulfilment of Thy most blessed promise, “*He that endureth to the end shall be saved.*”

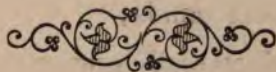
O CHRIST, the strength of every heart,
The light of life to me,
Renew again Thy saving grace,
That I may trust in Thee.

Support me by Thy gracious word,
My fainting heart restore ;
Bid Thy own peace my life console,
That I may love Thee more.

I long have loved Thy holy name ;
Thy name hath been my rest.
I long for Thy next coming, Lord,
That time so sweet and blest,

When every eye shall thus behold,
Their Saviour, Judge, and King ;
And through the earth's remotest shore,
Will Hallelujahs ring.

When those who long have trusted Him,
With hearts devout and pure,
Will then receive the great reward
Of those who shall endure.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

14.—“*What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*”—MARK XI. 24.

IT is therefore a want of childlike faith in our blessed Saviour, which prevents our receiving many good things that we pray for, and desire to have.

“*Believe,*” Christ says, “*that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*”

Oh let us strive to have a greater amount of faith.

To doubt Christ’s power, is really a temptation which comes from Satan. That great enemy of souls, knows possibly, that we *are* Christ’s chosen few, and that our life is spent in walking with Him ; and so he tries to make us unhappy, by putting doubts into our minds ;

Doubts which really prevent our gracious Saviour fulfilling all our needs.

Let us all make the gift of faith a constant prayer to Jesus. “*Lord, I believe ;*

help Thou mine unbelief," would be a fitting end to every request we make; and then our Lord will say, "Go in peace, thy faith hath made thee whole."

YES, I do with joy believe Him;
Saved by Christ, Christ's face I'll see,
And my soul to heaven adoring
Praises for His love to me.

Yes, I do with joy believe Him,
That He is my Saviour dear;
I shall gain the crown kept for me,
Which to ages shall endure.

All my wants, so long desired,
All my prayers to Him made known,
Are not wasted, but will ever
Bear a witness at His throne.

Here, I claim to be Thy servant,
Toiling for my Saviour King;
When in heaven, Thou wilt claim me,
And accept the love I bring.

Blessed promise, I may ask thee,
Bread of heaven and water bright;
Thou will add to all these blessings,
Harps of gold and crowns of light.

Let us all go on to serve Thee,
Till in bliss our Lord we see ;
Hear His sweet voice, "Come ye blessed,
See what is prepared for thee."



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

15.—“*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*”—MATTHEW XII. 28.

CHRIST will give you rest, poor sorrowing pilgrim !

He bids you come to *Him*, heavy laden and weary, worn out by your long and toilsome journey ;

Stricken even to the earth by numerous bereavements.

All your dearest, perhaps, have passed away before you ; and now you are left without husband or children to support your trembling steps.

Still, “*sorrow not as others which have no hope,*” but lift up your head, for “*your redemption draweth nigh ;*” and in the meantime, cling closer to Jesus.

“*Draw nigh unto Him, and He will draw nigh unto you.*”

And He will give you rest—rest from all your trials ; they will vanish in the light of His countenance.

Your heavy burdens, He will Himself take and bear for you.

Your sins, He has cast behind His back ;
and you will sit down at the Marriage
Supper of the Lamb.

ALL ye that labour long,
Come unto me and rest !
Thy troubles I will soothe,
Come lean upon my breast.

Have ye long labour'd here,
Weary with toil and pain ?
Come unto me and rest,
And never work again !

I died thy life to save !
Reject not now My love ;
For thee I left My throne,
My Father's home above.

O hear the loving voice,
Speaking e'en now to thee ;
"Return from wandering ways,
Return to Me."



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

16.—“*When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.*—MICAH VII. 8.

YES, the Lord himself feels for all your troubles; and if it has been His pleasure and will, that your eyes are evermore in this life, closed to the beauty of light, lift up your heart with thankfulness, that He will be your light.

IN ISAIAH XLII. 16, He comforts you in these loving words:—“*I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.*”

Pleasant paths by running streams and green pasture shall be your portion, if only you trust Him, and all your sorrows to Him.

By such ways as now ye know not, but lovely and inviting, leading to a place of rest and peace, will be the way your

Heavenly Father will lead you, protecting and upholding you all the time.

You are weak ; He will be your strength. Your steps falter ; He will be your guide, even unto death.

You are blind ; He will be your light.

Though your eyes are darkened, your inner life may beam with brightness ; only ask for His Holy Spirit so to lighten your eyes, that they sleep not in death.

Only awhile, and you shall see the "*King in His beauty*," for your eyes shall be opened, and your deaf ears will hear.

All imperfection in your human form will vanish, for "*the corruptible will have put on incorruption, and your mortal body will have put on immortality.*"

Death will be swallowed up in victory, and "*thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.*"

My days are sad, my soul so dark within,
My purest thoughts still overruled by sin ;
To One alone for help and light I flee,
Father in Heaven ! be that light to me.

My eyes are shadowed—'tis Thy holy will—
In darkness drear, oh whisper, "Peace, be
still!"

My life illumine by Thy heavenly ray,
And turn my darkness into brightest day.

Unto Thy will I would my own resign,
Content all ills to bear if Thou art mine;
Only, O Lord, do Thou my portion be,
And all my future days I trust to Thee.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

17.—“*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.*”—DEUT. xxxiii. 27.

O WHAT depths of comfort there is to be found in these blessed words.

You are perhaps suffering from a long illness—wearisome days, and painful distressing nights may be your portion.

Turn to your Heavenly Father in this your sore trial, and believe that He will be your refuge, and spread underneath you, His everlasting arms.

Happy will it be for you, if you can, in the days of your sickness, look back to the by-gone days of health, and remember that when you were well and strong, you spent your time in the Lord's service, caring for and ministering unto His poor; for now you can claim His blessed promises in Psalm xli. 1-3.

“Blessed is he that considereth the poor : the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.

“The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth.

“The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.”

If we could only realize more fully what it is to trust all entirely to the Lord, we should oftener do so.

Jesus loves to know that we honour Him, by consulting him in our every need. Nothing is too small or trivial to be carried to the footstool of mercy, and there laid before Him.

Surely He can feel for us when *“He knoweth the secrets of the heart.”*—PSALM XLIV. 21.

Only trust Him, and commit thy way unto Him, and *“He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.”*—PSALM XXXVII. 4.

Do you dread the coming hour, when you must bid farewell to all things here? Still trust Him, and then He will watch over you, even through the valley of the shadow of death. The waters may be dark, but His hand will support you, His everlasting arms will be around you.

ISAIAH XLIII. 2.—*“When thou passeth
through the waters, I will be with thee, and
through the rivers, they shall not overflow
thee.”*

Thou Saviour, Lord, of every soul,
Comfort of those that mourn,
Thou safeguard from temptation's power,
Thou refuge from the storm !

Thou King of Ages ! Lord of Light !
Thy saving grace impart ;
Renew again my feeble strength,
Pour life into my heart.

I read Thy promise in Thy Word,
Thy promise sure to keep ;
O lead me by the waters pure,
And give me sweetest sleep.

Without Thine aid, my grieved heart
Will break with anguish sore.
O leave me not alone in grief,
But comfort me still more.

Thine everlasting arms I claim,
My refuge now to be ;
O let me find th' eternal God,
A Rock secure for me.

Satan may seek, and strive to take
My soul from Thy dear care—
I shall not fear, because Thine arms
Are round me, everywhere.

When life is o'er, and death's dark hour
Is dawning on my soul;
I then will raise my head to Thee,
For Thou canst keep me whole.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

18.—*“They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.”—*
ISAIAH XL. 31.

TO wait on the Lord, means to be intent
always on fulfilling His will;

To follow in his blessed footsteps;

To read His Holy Words;

To walk worthy of His great example.

It means, indeed, to “*go on unto perfection,*” which begun here, will be perfected above.

Great and cheering are the promises, made unto those, who wait upon the Lord.

We are told, that in doing His will, we shall receive such a measure of strength and support, that we shall not be faint or weary.

We may tire ! but the Lord will “renew our strength.”

We may feel feeble ! but “we shall mount up with wings as eagles.”

Mount up to the highest Heaven ! where we shall meet all who have overcome, and who have received the crown of life, and are permitted to “*sit with the Father on His throne !*”

O what an inducement is this to wait on the Lord—to have such a glorious heritage in store for us ; to “*sit before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night.*”

Where we shall hunger no more, neither thirst anymore, for the Lamb shall feed us, and lead us unto living fountains of water : and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

Is the way so weary—
More than thou canst bear ?
One there is who sees you ?
Every pang He'll share.

Do the storms affright you ?
And the clouds which roll
Seem as if they'd hurt you,
Poor, weak, trembling soul ?

Raise your head with courage !
Have no thought of fear ;
Jesus watches o'er you,
He Himself is near !

Listen to His promise,
Given to those who wait—
“ All the way I'll cheer you,
The rough paths make straight.”

Only trust in Jesus !
And your steps shall be
Neither faint or weary—
Christ Himself's with thee !

Thou shalt mount as eagles,
With wings swift and strong ;
See the King in beauty,
Praise the King in song !

Just a little longer
On the Lord to wait,
Watching very keenly,
For the time is late.

Soon, midst hosts of Angels,
Christ himself will come,
And bid all those waiting,
Welcome to their home !

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

19.—“*Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.*”—REV. XIX. 9.

ARE you to be amongst these blessed ones?

It is within *your* choice now; soon it may be too late.

Too late—for what? Why, for eternal life, and light, and liberty!

Too late! for the joys of Heaven, the presence of our blessed Saviour, the company of the Saints in light.

Too late to enter there! You will then strive to enter the portals of heaven, but the answer will be, “*Too late, ye cannot enter now.*”

And the door will be shut!

Oh! if your peace is not made, your salvation assured to you, your election

sure—wait no longer; but, crying, “*Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner,*” throw yourself humbly and solely on the merits of the only One who can, and will save you.

But perhaps you have already done this—and can claim the promises made to all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—and you are now only looking for, and hasting unto the coming of our Lord, when He will say unto you, “*Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.*”

O, what a blessed time to look forward to, when “*The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,*” and we shall be “*called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.*”

THE marriage feast is ready!
The Lamb himself is there;
Come, all ye blessed ones,
To Christ's own feast repair.

'Tis meant for every one,
Who in temptation's fight
Have conquered o'er the evil one,
And come out pure and bright.

'Tis meant for all the mourners,
Who here have suffered long,
But now rejoice in heaven,
And praise the Lamb in song.

'Tis meant for little children,
Who, fresh in morning's light,
Have followed Jesu's footsteps,
And in His blood washed white.

'Tis meant for noonday toilers,
Who strive, though all unknown,
To glorify their Saviour,
And thus exalt His throne.

'Tis meant for worn-out pilgrims,
Who through the world's cold way,
Have succoured and protected,
All who have gone astray.

'Tis meant for those poor sinners
Who long refused Christ's call,
And yet at last received Him,
And crowned Him Lord of All.

Yes ! all shall meet together,
To this great Feast repair,
While Angel hosts adore Thee,
Praise sounding through the air.

The Lamb, so pure and sinless,
The Bride, all clothed in white,

The hosts of Saints around Thee
Sing ever in Thy sight.

All glory, honour, praises,
Shall to the Lamb be given ;
The Lamb who died to save us,
And give us hopes of Heaven.



THE EVENING OF LIFE.

20.—*“And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.”—REV. XXII. 1.*

O LORD! we come, thankful for Thy mercies, obedient to Thy word, we come, and ask for that water of Life.

Bestow it, we beseech Thee, on Thy poor fainting followers; and bid us thirst no more.

Hasten, O Lord, we pray Thee, Thy second advent, and shorten the time of our waiting on this earth.

O King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, grant that we who love Thy name may be amongst Thy *“called ones, chosen and faithful.”*

We desire so to do Thy will that we *“may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates, into the city.”*

Not in our own strength do we dare approach Thy Divine Majesty, but solely

through the sanctification of our blessed Lord "*Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.*"

We come, obedient to Thy word,
And lowly fall;
Thou art our Father, and our guide,
Our life, our all.

THE END.



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